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— THE WORLD'S NEWS IN PICTURES

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The SPHERE, London, August 31, 1957

The SPHERE

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RESCUE BY HELICOPTER AFTER AN EXPLOSION AT SEA—AN INJURED MEMBER OF THE CREW OF "WORLD SPLENDOUR" IS HOISTED INTO THE AIRCRAFT OFF GIBRALTAR: The 25,000-ton tanker had suffered two explosions and caught fire. She was travelling in ballast from Southampton to the Persian Gulf. Many ships went to her help and the U.S. Navy sent the helicopter from a base in Morocco. But fifteen of those on *World Splendour* lost their lives, and later she sank.

The tanker was only commissioned last June and was making her third trip. About thirty miles east of Gibraltar she was rocked by two explosions and was soon ablaze. Ships of many nations made all speed to her and began the work of rescue. The British destroyer H.M.S. *Delight* took off forty of the *World Splendour's* complement and landed them at Gibraltar. A Russian vessel sent her doctor to attend to casualties. The United States Navy despatched a helicopter from its Moroccan base at Port Lyautey and some of the most seriously injured were lifted into the hovering aircraft. A skeleton crew remained on board in the hope of saving their ship, the Royal Naval tug *Confident* and the Danish salvage vessel *Svitzer* standing by to help in towing operations. However, all efforts were in vain, and on the following day the captain abandoned the ship before she sank. Out of the tanker's total complement of eighty-one, fifteen lost their lives. *World Splendour* was owned by the Greek millionaire, Mr. Stavros Niarchos, and built at Malmö, in Sweden. Registered in Liberia, she is understood to have been insured for about £2,000,000. (Further pictures on page 297.)

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BRITAIN REMEMBERS THE LATE AGA KHAN: The Earl of Scarbrough, Lord Chamberlain, representing the Queen, is accompanied by the new Aga Khan as he arrives at the Annexe to the Shah Jehan Mosque at Woking, in Surrey, to attend the memorial service to the late Imam of the Shiah Muslim Ismaili community. The service was also attended by other representatives of the Royal Family.

LONDON'S NEW BRIDGE IS NEARING COMPLETION: The railings across t in position. The new structure, which replaces the old suspensi laid down by the anonymous donor who gave £23,000 for a n the end of last year. Before the construction of the bridge was p

A London Newsletter

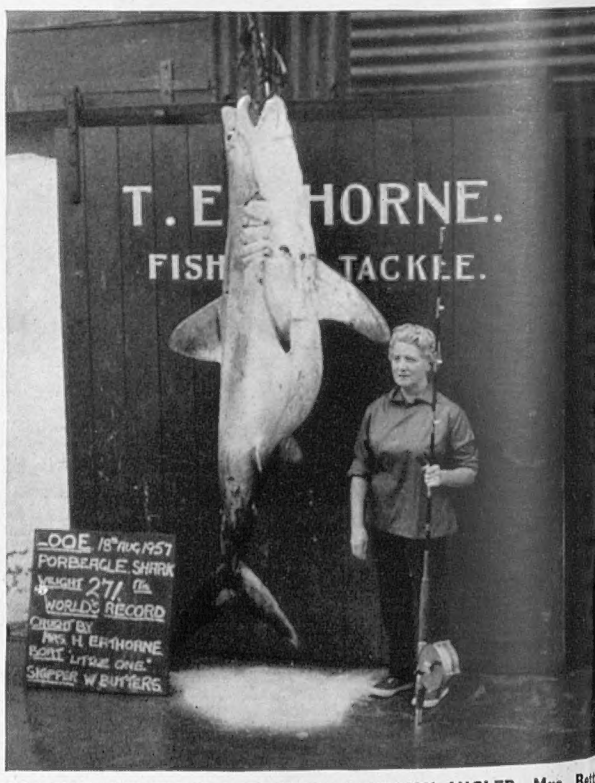
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

P.A.C. and Wasted Millions.—How often in past years have you and I expressed our horror at the evidence of waste by public departments revealed in the reports of the Parliamentary Public Accounts Committee. How often we have complained that nothing is done to check it, that no head ever falls. I read with particular care a leader in last week's *Times* on Public Money and I commended it as very fair and constructive. At the back of my mind are always vivid my recollections of the sense of trusteeship imparted and enforced on all Government departments by the Treasury and by Chancellors from Gladstone onwards to the end of the Edwardian age. The discipline over the pence no less than the pounds was rigid and absolute. It is fair to say that since 1914 such discipline has been inevitably relaxed by factors unknown before the World Wars. When a nation is fighting for its life, money ceases to matter. The vital weapon must be bought at any cost. That new factor has never since 1914 had a chance to fade out. We are still fighting for our lives, and though we have spent our wealth in the struggle to survive, we must still hurl in the money we haven't got to keep abreast of our potential enemies. That said, it remains for the taxpayer to calculate—he cannot be exact—the uncountable millions of money which this Committee has demonstrated of late years beyond question to have been thrown away in projects which failed or were abandoned half-done through insufficient pre-examination or faulty handling. The old Treasury discipline no doubt still exists, but "Take care of the pence" is all that is left of the saw. The pounds in multi-millions take care of themselves with a vengeance. We do not dispute that our defence problems to-day—and, indeed, our industrial problems—require experiments of fearful cost and that a big percentage of all experiments are doomed to failure. What the public feels so strongly is that these P.A.C. criticisms, which receive great publicity for a day, are shelved to-morrow unimplemented, and that Ministers and Parliament as a whole never examine them in a patriotic spirit as a non-party matter of vital concern to the whole nation; and that no Government has ever demanded and no criticised Minister ever offered resignation as a fit punishment for a gross failure and as a fine example for the guidance of other heads of departments.

Silliest Silly Season?—To date I should say that this August holds the record as the silliest of all Silly Seasons. The nasty weather may be partly responsible, but as a once-civilised and influential nation we ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves, for it seems to me that at least half our population relies confidently on the cheapjack and wisecracks of cretins and nasty schoolboys to direct their views and supply their news and take no interest whatever in world affairs or grave domestic issues beyond their immediate effect on their purses and recreations. My gardener, a most wise and balanced man, left me on his holiday the legacy of his choice of Sunday and daily newspapers (save the name!). Their total silliness had to be read to be believed; and the infection is spreading to the B.B.C. The strikes of the period assisted to earn the record for this Silly Season. More tripe has been talked about the Monarchy and the peerage than in any Silly Season I can remember, and more attention paid to matters of the gutter and the police court, to Hollywood and socialites than ever before. The disarmament talks now ended make a Silly Season in themselves. There is no sign that our Government "views with concern" the state of the nation. There is a faint sign that some of the Trade Union leaders would (like Borstal boys) welcome, in a quieter way, a break-out of their Bedlam. But there is nothing to suggest a new dawn of reason. On the contrary, this Silly Season convinces me that Britain has reached the Seventh and last of the Ages of men and nations—"a second childishness and mere oblivion, sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything." A sad end to our "strange, eventful history." Is it too late for the remnant that remains from our better days to put the clock back, with guidance from a strong Government?

B.B.C. Taste.—Two years ago, the B.B.C. had a fine reputation for decency, good taste and a sense of trusteeship which equalled that of our surviving great newspapers. There were those, no doubt, who thought that its standards were set too high to satisfy its enormous and variously educated clientele. But no recreational or serious institution can please everybody, and our Governments, relying on the Corporation's sound leadership, has trusted it and given it its head. But of late our Government must have had second thoughts. Sound broadcasting, perhaps inevitably, has failed in invention, failed to maintain the compromises possible in giving a worthwhile ration to all interests. Some of the old favourites wear thin to tatters and some new features are like ready-made clothes. But the startling change is best seen in television. Presumably the competition with commercial television is internecine, and the gloves must be taken off. Recently the Talks Department of the B.B.C. put on, on successive nights, features so astonishingly at variance with the standards of decency so long maintained by the Corporation that we may well assume that meticulous censorship within the Corporation was given over and that a commercially competitive go-as-you-please is the order of the day. Certainly one of these sensational features sank the B.B.C.'s reputation as low as a gossip magazine's and must have brought the Corporation very near to a breach of the law on matter *sub judice*. It was a remarkably quick descer from Olympus to the gutter—which the Corporatio frankly acknowledged. The wonder remains that th responsible official, with his educational backgroun could have made such a *gaffe*.

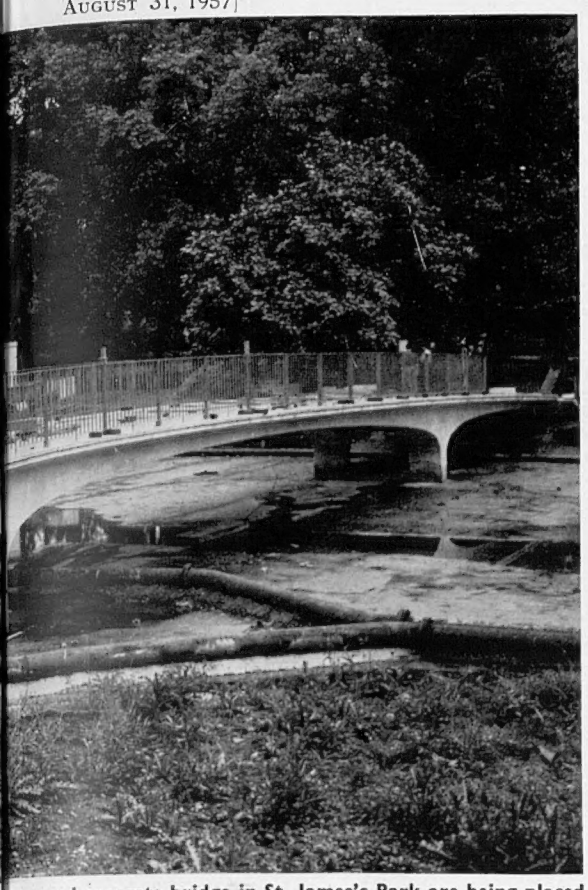
The Power of Suggestion.—Advertiseme is a matter of circulation—a truism. The more reade a newspaper can claim, the higher the cost of its adve tising space, though it is fair to say that for the weekl its "survival potential" ensures a valuable number "hidden" readers, probably far exceeding its subscribe Accordingly, the B.B.C., in sound and television, has matchless power of suggestion. Take, for example, t cosy fortnightly visits of Mr. Betjeman and his team English country houses. A team of about eighty exper in special vans fitted with all the latest scientific devic in photography and lighting and recording will descen



AN ENORMOUS SHARK CAUGHT BY A WOMAN ANGLER: Mrs. Bet Eathorne, of Brixham, Devon, stands by the porbeagle sha which she caught while angling about twelve miles off Loo in Cornwall. The monster weighs 19 stone 5 lb., and t Shark Angling Club, of which Mrs. Eathorne is a membe is claiming it as a world record. Using an American gla fishing-rod with a terylene line, Mrs. Eathorne played t shark for one hour twenty minutes before bringing it i

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £6 1*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3 3*s.*; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 18*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.* 6*d.* (*or* $16), £2 19*s.* 6*d. and* £2 15*s.; and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 19*s.* ($16.50 *cents in the U.S.A.*), £3 1*s.* 9*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. All terms above include postage.*



estressed concrete bridge in St. James's Park are being placed dge, must be finished this year. This is one of the conditions dge over the lake. Likewise, the work had to begin before hand, the water was drained from the immediate vicinity.

THE END OF A FAMOUS YACHT: *Endeavour II*, a "J"-class yacht, is being broken up at the yard of Pollock, Brown and Co. Ltd. on the River Hamble, at Southampton, in Hampshire. Before being broken up, the yacht had been used as a houseboat on the same river. The firm have received a number of enquiries from correspondents regarding souvenirs. In the race for the America's Cup in 1937, *Endeavour II* lost to *Ranger*.

n the selected house with immense cameras, miles of iring and all the paraphernalia of a film shooting. The ehearsals will be meticulous. Pictures and mouldings ill be photographed superbly, and neither money nor ains will be spared to make a once-for-all, half-hour eature. Such expenditure must be accepted as necessary nd economic for about half the thirty- to sixty-minute eatures of every day. It is proof that the B.B.C. must lan imperially. Presumably it pays the B.B.C. Certainly is country-house series pays the chosen subject and is proof of the advertising pull of the Corporation. The ext few "opening" days of a selected National Trust ouse will quite certainly double and probably treble its verage of visitors. Such suggestive power is indeed dmirable where its suggestion is healthy. Dangerous if s suggestion should be unwholesome.

Pedestrian Air Transport.—The Empire ir League, under the chairmanship of Sir Miles Thomas, as forcibly drawn attention to the danger of our being ft behind by the Americans and others in the development of reasonably quick air communications. In a few ore years, unless something is begun now, we shall be ack to the stage-coach era in flying. We must get right ead with perfecting a supersonic, vertical take-off airner capable of reaching New York in two-and-a-half ours, to carry 130 passengers flying at 60,000 ft. It must ave all the landing facilities of a helicopter. It must ave all the comforts of a luxury liner. A senior Cabinet inister must be installed to cope with this vital problem. ut why take two bites at the cherry? In a decade the me of two-and-a-half hours from London to New York ill be pedestrian. The Minister should lay his plans r a one-hour trip. Business-men who fly to New York ter breakfast can spare the time to lunch in the air on e return flight but will need to be at their desks to handle e afternoon mail. If London is to survive as a business orld centre, five hours' flying time to and from New York not good enough. The contents of those popular magaines, *Confidential* and *Whisper*, must get across quicker, nd there are a score of new notions and fashions from merica which we are all too slow to adopt. Our civiliation, no less than our business efficiency, demands closer ontact with America. It must be a two-way service. r America (alas!) has more to give than to take.

Buried Treasure.—Old or young, the average an's pleasantest fancy is still that he should come upon hidden hoard of treasure, preferably in his own garden. he lure of treasure-hunting never dies. We are none of s too old to re-read *Treasure Island*. My own fancy is r antiquities. I should like best to unearth a Roman illa under my Victorian villa. The odd thing is that e fancy grows yearly more factual. These discoveries re constantly reported. Air photography, enemy bombs nd stimulated slum-clearance and flat-building have made e dream almost a commonplace reality. Last week a an dug up thirty-four Roman coins when trenching for is new bungalow at Gore Road, Bredgar. (The very ame of his road clutched my heart.) The same day was eported from Newark a labourer's discovery of 450 seventeenth-century coins of gold and silver. Bear in mind that valuables are usually buried in times of war and of danger. The abandonment of Britain by the Legions was certainly such an occasion. The Civil War was certainly another such. If our children share our longing for finding buried treasure, theirs should be a hopeful era for the hobby. Probably at no time in our history was the urge to bury treasure more rife than in 1940 during the blitz and the invasion scare, and quite certainly at no time were those who buried treasure more liable themselves to be buried with their secret. I myself buried some rather perishable articles at the time of the height of the invasion scare, and I regret to say the secret of the cache lies buried with my deplorable memory. I haven't a clue.

Unsolved.—The murderer of the Polish Countess Lubienska remains undetected. Some 18,000 persons have been questioned by the police since May. It gives one a startling light on the efforts made by the police to solve crime mysteries. They succeed in a vast majority of cases in the end. In the last year or two there seems to have been an unusual number of crimes of violence which have called for questioning on a massive scale. Indeed, we may fairly judge that crimes of violence are once more increasing. Certainly, more and more newspaper space is daily devoted to them. Quite a trivial incident of the kind may keep as many as a dozen policemen and detectives busy in court and out of court for days, even weeks, at a time. One thing certainly follows. The more the police are occupied in crime detection, the less they are effective in crime prevention. The vicious circle is seen. Every undetected crime increases the opportunities for the commission of other crimes.

The Picturesque and the Outworn.—I am by no means (as my faithful readers may have discovered) a dyed-in-the-wood *laudator temporis acti*. I make a firm distinction between the picturesque tradition and the outworn. I sincerely believe that the time is past for the continued creation of hereditary peerages and that the difficult business of recruiting Knights of the Garter should now go into disuse, though the picturesque procession at Windsor could continue for the survivors for some time. On the other hand, in this drab and dangerous age, I support purely picturesque traditions—above all, the most innocent. If the Scottish chieftains can persuade the Queen to honour their banquet with her presence, I am all for it, provided they can conceal any jealousies and rivalries among themselves. There are about seventy of them, vetted by Lord Lyon, and they could put up as fine a pageantry of costume as did their ancestors for George IV. And if the Scottish Archers still prefer the bow and arrow to the atomic war-head, I applaud their good sense. And if English archers like to "roam the woods" in search of small game, it is cheaper and less dangerous than modern lorry-poaching.

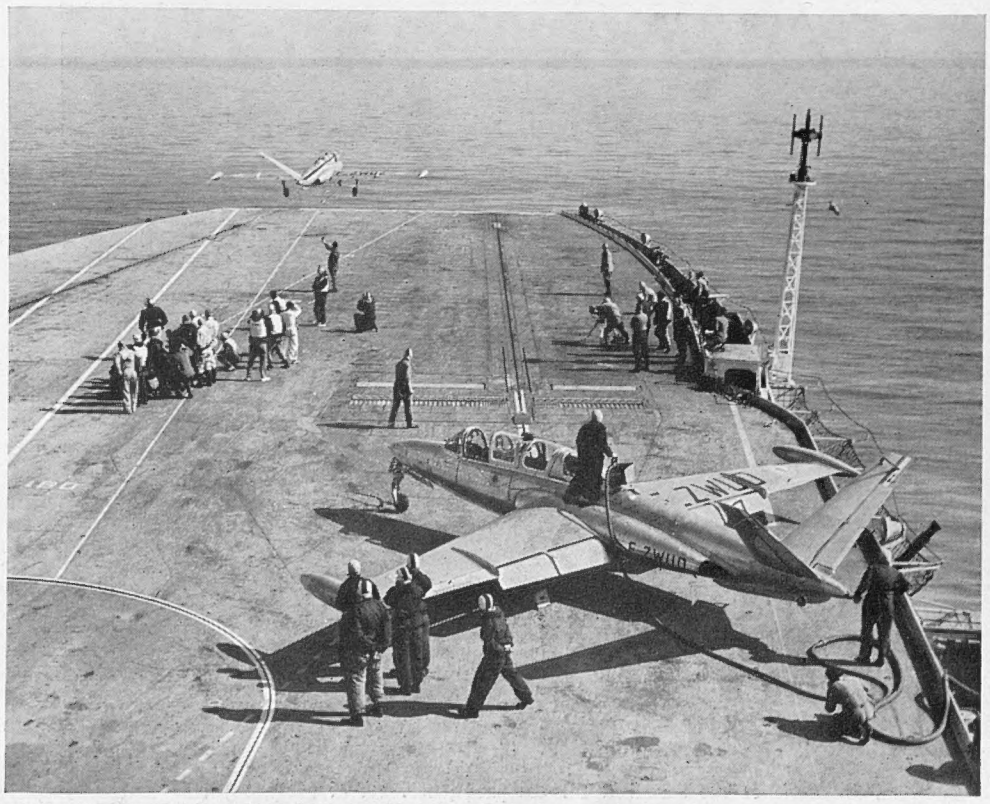
THE OLD STAGER

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN GROUSE-SHOOTING IN SCOTLAND: This is a party of American sportsmen who are taking part in the grouse-shooting season at Drumour, Perthshire, in Scotland. They are, from left to right, Mr. R. S. Oelman, President of the National Cash Register Company; Mr. J. S. Rockefeller, President of the First National Bank in New York; Mr. F. O. Prior, President of the Standard Oil Company; Mr. W. E. Levis, Director of Owens Illinois Glass Company; Mr. A. W. Peake, retired President of the Standard Oil Company; Mr. S. C. Allyn, Chairman of the National Cash Register Company; Mr. J. J. Secor, broker, of Toledo, Ohio; Mr. O. M. Pleissner, an artist from New York City, and Mr. C. C. Vass, an Attaché at the American Embassy in Bonn, Germany.

FRENCH JET TRIALS ON A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: One of the new French jet fighters, the Fouga C.M. 170 M, is about to touch-down on the angled deck of the Royal Naval aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Bulwark*. The aircraft is one of two which have recently been undergoing deck-landing trials on the British vessel because the French Navy has not yet in operation an aircraft-carrier with an angled deck. The trials were carried out in the English Channel. The Fouga C.M. 170 M is a naval trainer version of the C.M. 170 R, the light two-seater twin-jet trainer which is in production for the French Air Force. The two prototypes of the Fouga C.M. 170 M were assembled from production C.M. 170 R components, but they incorporate some modifications to meet naval requirements. These include catapult equipment, arrester gear and two separate rearward-sliding hoods for the crew. The strengthened Messier undercarriage is 6 ins. longer than on the C.M. 170 R but is compressed during retraction so that the wheel-wells have not had to be modified at all.

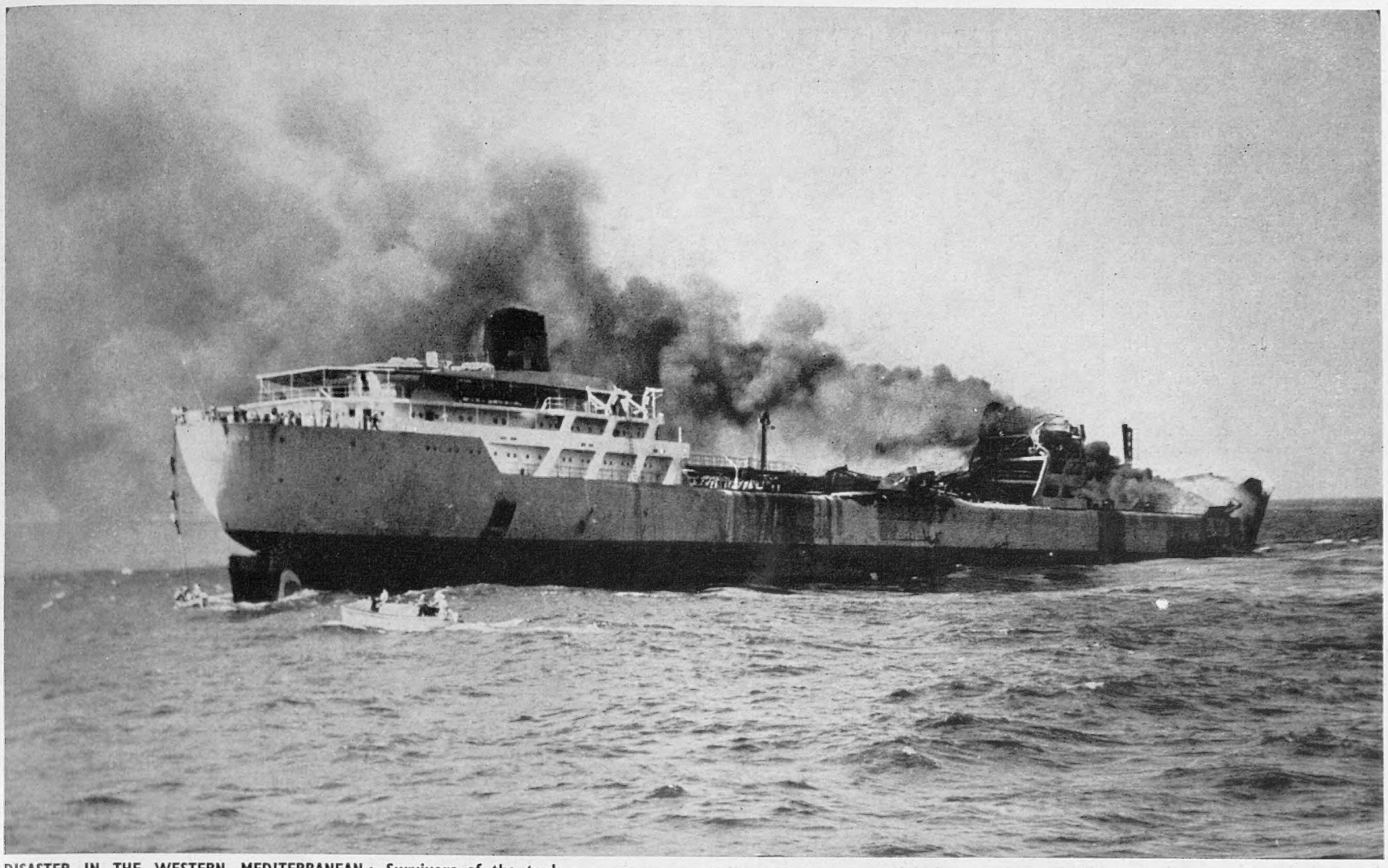
TESTING FRENCH JETS IN BRITAIN

The Royal Navy has Provided Facilities for Deck-Landing Trials



DECK-LANDING TRIALS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL: The two French jet aircraft are seen during their deck trials on H.M.S. *Bulwark*. One of them is being refuelled while the other has just been launched. *On right*—One of the Fougas has taken off. The other is prepared for catapulting.

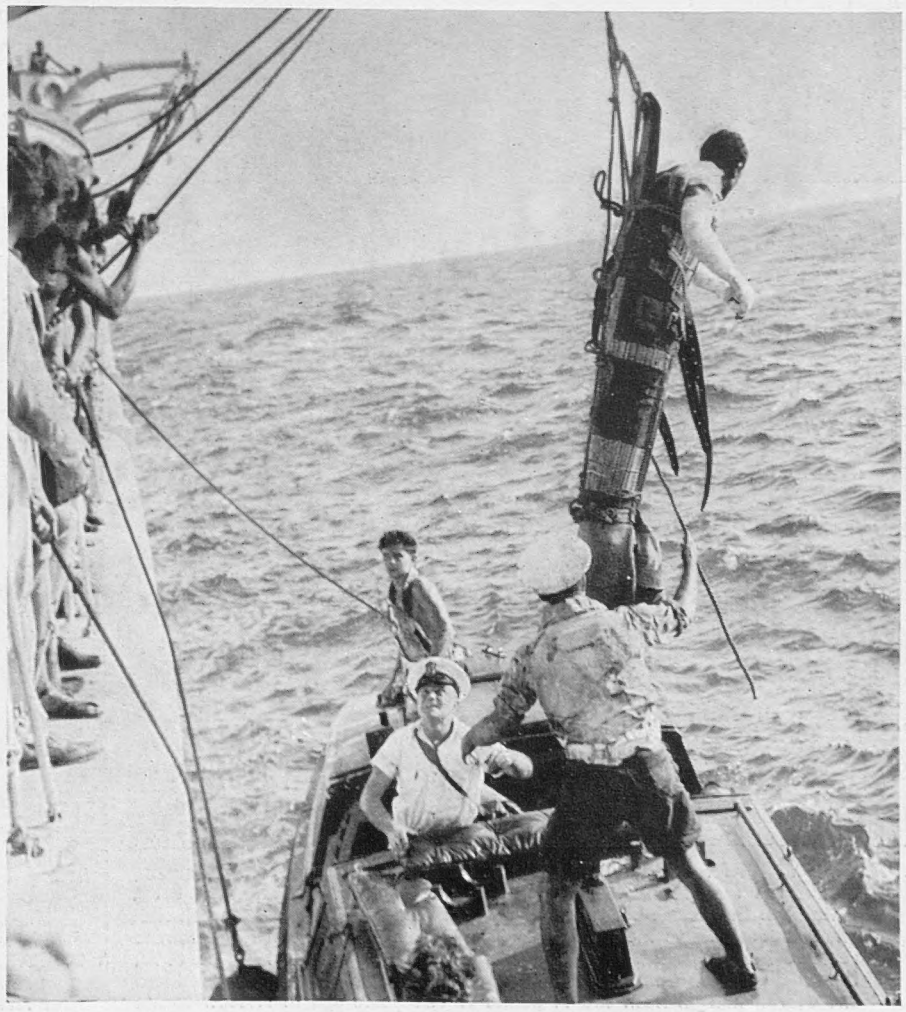
ALL SET FOR THE TAKE-OFF: The Fouga C.M. 170 M is being adjusted on the catapult apparatus of the Royal Naval aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Bulwark*, ready for launching. The new French fighter has a speed of 400 m.p.h.



DISASTER IN THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN: Survivors of the tanker, *World Splendour*, are taken off from the stern of the blazing ship by a boat from the destroyer H.M.S. *Delight*. *On right*—Some of the forty rescued by *Delight* are on their way to the shore at Gibraltar. Of the eighty-one aboard the 25,000-ton vessel of the Greek-owned Niarchos line, fifteen lost their lives. She was outward bound in ballast from Fawley, Southampton, to Persia, when she exploded and caught fire some 30 miles from Gibraltar. Captain Mattheos and a handful of his crew stayed on board after the main rescue operations were completed, and with the help of a tug and a salvage vessel, made valiant efforts to keep their ship afloat. But she sank after twenty-four hours.

RESCUE FROM A BLAZING TANKER

"World Splendour" Explodes and Sinks off Gibraltar



TWO STAGES IN THE RESCUE OPERATIONS: H.M.S. *Delight* approaches the tanker, from which a dense cloud of smoke is rising. *On right*—An injured man is hoisted in a cradle aboard the destroyer. An American helicopter and French and Russian vessels also played a part in the rescue from *World Splendour*.

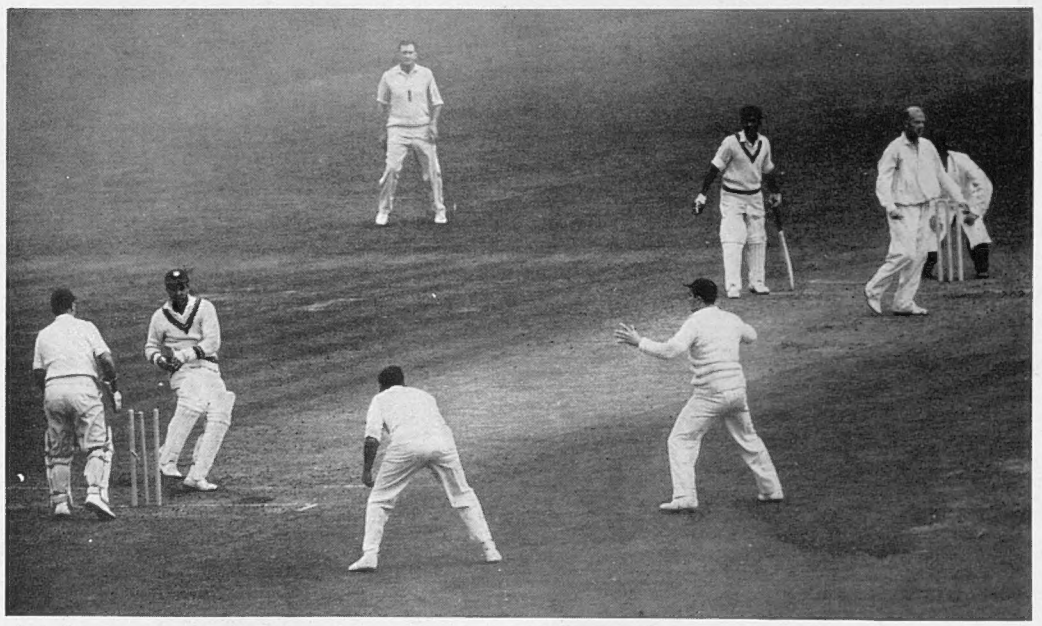
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On right—

ENGLAND WIN THE FIFTH TEST AGAINST THE WEST INDIES: A large crowd surges on to the ground at the Oval after England had defeated the West Indies by an innings and 237 runs. The match ended early last Saturday afternoon, the third day of the match. The tourists were bowled out for the low scores of 89 and 86, Lock claiming 11 for 48 and Laker abetting him with 5 for 77. England, winning the toss, had amassed 412 (Graveney 164, Richardson 107, Sheppard and Evans 40 each). England had won the rubber before the final Test started. Their victory at the Oval was yet further proof of the current English supremacy in world cricket. However, for the West Indians it must be said that they have been dogged with bad luck throughout this season. At the Oval, their captain, Goddard, had to retire on the second day through illness and was not fit enough to play before the match ended.

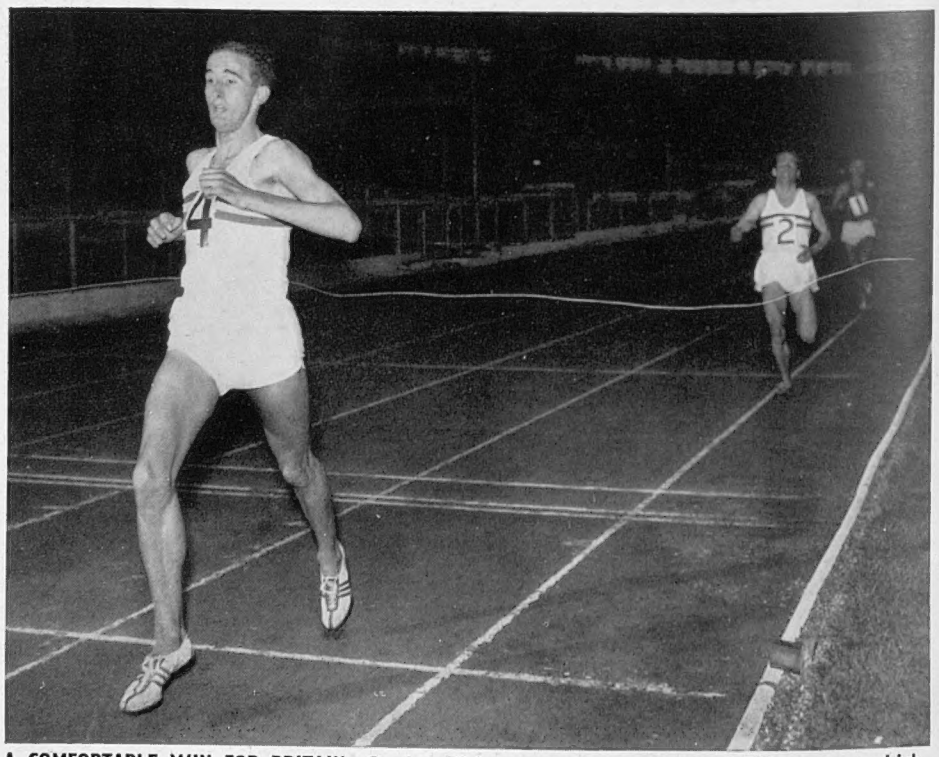
Below—

CLEAN BOWLED: Lock clean bowls Sobers in the first innings. Kanhai is at the other end. Laker stands in centre background. In this innings the West Indians were skittled out for 89 runs and Lock took 5 wickets for 28 runs in 21 overs and four balls. He went on to take six more wickets in the West Indian second innings. Sobers, with 39 and 42, was the best of the West Indian batsmen.



GRAVENEY IN ACTION: The Gloucestershire player makes a polished cut to a ball from Sobers as he moves on towards his score of 164. He hit seventeen 4's in his fine innings of five-and-a-half hours.

A RUSSIAN VICTORY AT THE WHITE CITY: V. Kuts, the Russian world champion, breaks the tape as he wins the 10,000 metres from G. Knight, of Great Britain, in the match between the two countries in London last week-end. The Soviet athlete's time of 29 mins. 13·2 secs. was a new British all-comers record for this distance. Russia won the match as a whole by 119 points to 93, but in the track events Britain led by 66 points to 58. Britain reduced the overall margin from the 44 points of two years ago in Moscow to 26.



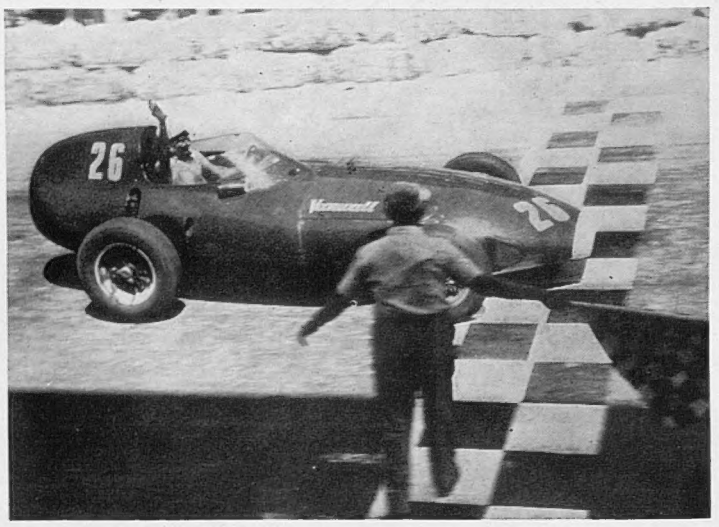
A COMFORTABLE WIN FOR BRITAIN: Gordon Pirie comes in to win the 5,000 metres, which he ran in 13 mins. 58·6 secs. Ibbotson was second. This race marked a return to form of Pirie, who holds the world record for this event with a time of 13 mins. 36·8 secs.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

EVIDENCE IN THE AMERICAN FILM MAGAZINE CRIMINAL LIBEL TRIAL: Miss Maureen O'Hara points to her passport at a Press conference in Beverly Hills, California. With her are her brothers. The actress claimed that the passport proved she was in Europe when an incident described in *Confidential* magazine was said to have taken place in a Hollywood cinema. The magazine and other defendants are being charged with criminal libel in a Los Angeles court.

THE STATE PROSECUTOR AND A DEFENCE WITNESS: In the court in Los Angeles, Mr. Ritzi, Deputy District Attorney, cross-examines a defence witness, Michael Casey, with a plan of seats in Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood. It was there that the incident reported in *Confidential* concerning Miss O'Hara was alleged to have taken place.

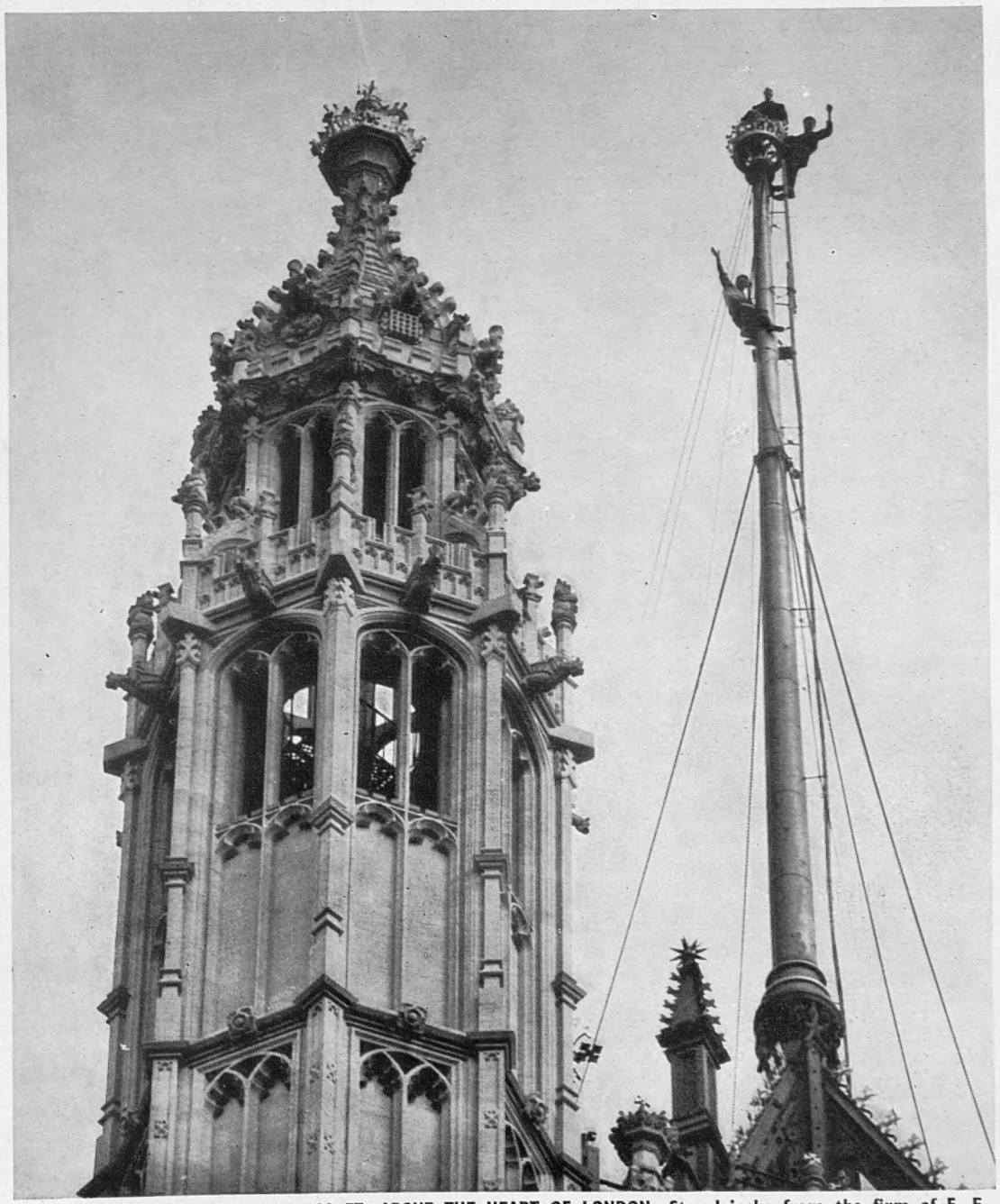
A DEFENDANT ON THE WITNESS STAND: Mrs. Marjorie Meade gives evidence during the criminal libel trial in which she is one of the defendants. She is the niece of the publisher of *Confidential*, and she and her husband are said to be the Hollywood representatives of the magazine. During the hearing on this particular day, Mrs. Meade broke down after denying accusations of attempted blackmail. The case of the State against *Confidential* and its fellow-magazine *Whisper*, which opened early in last month has become one of the most sensational in America for several years. The defendants are being tried on indictments of conspiracy to publish lewd and obscene material. They are also charged with publishing inflammatory material constituting criminal libel. Many leading names in Hollywood have already been mentioned in the court. Besides this, actors and actresses have added to the public interest by making statements on the case to the Press.



STIRLING MOSS BREAKS RECORD IN PESCARA: Cars taking part in the Pescara Grand Prix, Italy, are lined up at the start. The race was won by Stirling Moss. Driving a Vanwall car, he covered the 286 miles in 2 hours 59 mins. 22·7 secs. at an average speed of 95·5 m.p.h. After the second lap, he lapped at average speeds of 97 m.p.h. to supersede the previous record for Pescara of 90·8 m.p.h., made in 1931.

On left—

A WAVE FROM THE WINNER: Stirling Moss raises his hand in salute as he crosses the checkered line to win the Pescara Grand Prix in Italy. Last Saturday Moss achieved another triumph when he set up five new international speed records in Class F (up to 1,500 c.c.) in a British M.G. EX-181 on the Bonneville Salt Flats at Utah, America.



PAINTERS AT WORK MORE THAN 300 FT. ABOVE THE HEART OF LONDON: Steeplejacks from the firm of F. E. Beaumont, of Brixton, are engaged in painting the 100-ft. flagpole on top of the Victoria Tower at the Houses of Parliament. The flag which flies by day from this mast indicates that the House is sitting.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

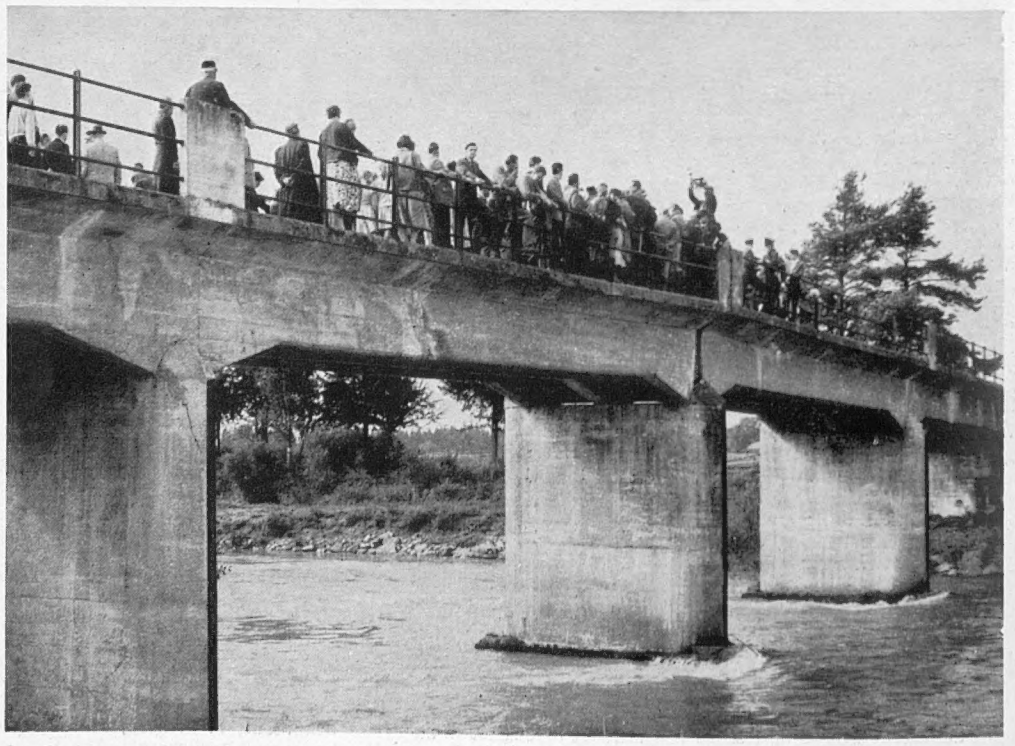
DISCUSSIONS ON BRITISH ASSETS IN EGYPT : Mr. Frederick Milner (second from left), Treasury representative in the Middle East, and Mr. R. I. Hallows (second from right), of the Bank of England, confer in Cairo with Musa Arafa (centre), the Egyptian General Sequestrator of British property. According to Mr. Milner, their initial talks on the sequestrated British assets in Egypt were "useful." Originally more than 500 concerns were sequestrated. Of these, sixty-one have so far been "Egyptianised" and sixty-five liquidated.

THE UNITED KINGDOM DEFENCE MINISTER ARRIVES IN AUSTRALIA : Mr. Duncan Sandys (centre), the U.K. Defence Minister, is greeted on his arrival by air in Sydney by Sir Philip McBride (left), the Australian Minister for Supply and Defence Production and Mr. Howard Beale, the United Kingdom High Commissioner. Mr. Sandys is on a tour of Australia, New Zealand and the Far East. During his stay in Australia he had discussions in detail with Mr. Robert Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister, on the defence talks which were begun at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in London in June.

AT A DIPLOMATIC RECEPTION IN MOSCOW : Marshal Bulganin talks with Mr. Llewellyn E. Thompson, United States Ambassador to the Soviet Union, at a reception in Moscow. The reception was held to mark Indonesia's National Day. There has been much comment lately because the Soviet Premier has not been accompanying Mr. Khrushchev on his travels.

REMEMBERING GANDHI ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF INDIAN INDEPENDENCE: Mr. Nehru lays flowers on the platform on which Gandhi's body was cremated in Delhi after his assassination. Behind the Prime Minister of India stands his daughter, Mrs. Indira Gandhi. India was granted independence by the Act passed by the British Parliament in 1947. Gandhi was shot dead in Delhi in January 1948.

"DEATH MARCH" TRIAL IN GERMANY: Lieutenant Alfred Sommer (on left) and Sergeants Josef Schaeffler and Dieter Julitz, of the West German Army, talk with their lawyer before standing trial in Kempten on charges of negligent homicide. The charges were brought as a result of the deaths of fifteen Army recruits who were drowned after being ordered to march across the River Iller, South Germany, on June 3. Julitz is alleged to have given the order to march across the river. Schaeffler is said to have watched the training exercise from the bridge. Sommer has been charged because, the prosecution claims, he failed to inform the platoon leaders of a regional order not to send troops into the River Iller. *On right*—After hearing part of the evidence in the courtroom, the court adjourned to the bridge at the scene of the tragedy, where further evidence was given.



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

FRENCH MINISTERS AFTER AN EMERGENCY CABINET MEETING: The French Prime Minister, M. Maurice Bourgès-Maunoury (left), with the Finance Minister, M. Félix Gaillard (centre), and the Minister of Public Works, M. E. Bonnefous, leave the Elysee Palace after an emergency Cabinet meeting. This was the second time Ministers had broken their holidays to consult together, with the President of the Republic, M. Coty, in the chair. The main subjects of discussion are reported to have been Finance and Algeria. Particular consideration was given to the situation resulting from the devaluation of the franc and to proposals for increased automony in Algiers.

A ROYAL CEREMONY IN MOROCCO: Mohamed V, King of Morocco, receives the oath of allegiance from a newly-commissioned officer in Rabat. The Crown Prince Moulay Hassan, who is head of the Moroccan armed forces, stands next to his father. About 500 officer cadets from the military schools of Meknes, Saint Cyr and Toled., and another 240 cadets from the military school of Ahermonou, took part in the ceremonies of swearing allegiance to their Sovereign in a room surrounded with arches in the King's Palace. Recently the Moroccan monarch changed his title from Sultan to King.

On right—

THE PRESIDENT OF TUNISIA ON HOLIDAY: President Habib Bourguiba (left) answers questions put to him by Press correspondents at Kloten Airport, in Zurich. On the right is Dr. Paul Meierhaus, Director of Construction for the Canton of Zurich, who welcomed M. Bourguiba. The newly-elected President had arrived in Switzerland for a three-week holiday. Prime Minister for the past year, he recently added the Presidential office to his posts when the Bey of Tunis was deposed and the country became a republic.

FRENCH CAVE EXPLORERS RESCUED FROM BENEATH THE GROUND: Three of the cave explorers from the "Coume-Ouarnede" expedition at Saint-Gaudens, in France, relate their experiences to a reporter on coming back to the surface after being trapped underground for fifteen hours while exploring a cave. They are, from left to right, Pierre Weydert, André Nunzy and Jean Malin. They were isolated at a depth of 1,500 ft. Altogether, eight members of the party of explorers were trapped beneath the surface owing to the rapid rise of the subterranean waters, but all were rescued by fellow-explorers on the surface.

ACTION AGAINST COMMUNIST TERRORISTS IN MALAYA: British soldiers laden with equipment scramble aboard a helicopter in the Sungei Sipot area of Malaya. It is one of the many aircraft with which the Royal Air Force is running emergency shuttle services to pre-selected positions in the depths of the Malayan jungle during the current all-out effort to locate and kill the terrorists. *On right*—After being dropped from the helicopters deep in the jungle, the crews quickly put their guns into action. Their targets are the trails used by terrorists and their old camp sites. By action such as this it is hoped to sever completely the Communist lines of communication.

FOOTLIGHTS AND FLOODLIGHTS IN EDINBURGH

A Variety of Performances at the Festival

A FARCE BY JEAN-PAUL SARTRE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: In *Nekrassov* the scoundrel Georges de Valera, played by Robert Helpmann (fifth from left), arrives in the office of a Parisian newspaper to begin his imposture as a Soviet Commissar who has "chosen freedom." In the play M. Sartre jests satirically at politicians and journalists and the credulity of human nature in general. The opening night at Edinburgh was the first professional performance of *Nekrassov* in Britain. Among those in the English Stage Company, which presented it, in translation by Sylvia and George Leeson, were Harry H. Corbett as the harassed newspaper editor with Napoleonic ideas, Felix Felton in the part of the egocentric newspaper proprietor and George Benson who gave one of the best performances as the underpaid, meek little journalist and unwilling accomplice of the impostor.

THE IMPOSTOR: Georges de Valera (Robert Helpmann), the rascal who is proud of his villainy, reads of his exploits as the bogus Commissar Nekrassov, in the farce by Sartre. His imposture is run as a stunt by a newspaper.

A HISTORICAL PLAY IN VERSE: The Stranger (Robert Eddison) and Veronica (Pauline Jameson) are two of the leading characters in Jonathan Griffin's *The Hidden King*. Its world premiere was given at the Assembly Hall during the first week of the Edinburgh Festival. The play is set in the sixteenth-century world of the Renaissance. A king, believed to have died in battle as a young man, reappears twenty years later in Venice as The Stranger to claim his throne of Portugal. But rather than employ violence to recover his crown he chooses martyrdom and, having falsely confessed he is an impostor, he suffers an agonising death. It is an interesting coincidence that two Edinburgh plays this year should be concerned with imposture, the one a comedy, the other a tragedy. Mr. Griffin's noble theme did not receive the unanimous praise accorded to M. Sartre's satire. While there was general admission that *The Hidden King* was excellently produced and acted in splendid period settings, there was considerable controversy over the worth of the verse and construction of the very lengthy drama.

TURKISH JANISSARIES PARADE IN THE TATTOO: In the floodlights on the Castle Esplanade, the performers from Turkey gather in the centre of the arena. They are led by their standard-bearers and in the rear are two mounted drummers. The whole troop is dressed in the vivid colours of the uniforms of the fourteenth century, when the Corps of Janissaries was founded. Another item from overseas is provided by the Royal Danish Life Guards, who give a demonstration of arms drill and marching. There are two very popular contributions from the Commonwealth. One is the musical ride of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, carried out with perfect precision. The other is the tribal dancing and modern military drill by the King's African Rifles. This display of the development of tribesmen into disciplined soldiers was first seen in Britain at this year's Royal Tournament in London.

PRIMA BALLERINA FROM SWEDEN: Else Marianne von Rosen poses before dancing the title role in *Giselle* with the Royal Swedish Ballet at the Empire Theatre.

AN ORIGINAL INTERPRETATION OF "GISELLE" BY THE ROYAL SWEDISH BALLET: *Above* and *on left* are two scenes in the ballet which by general consent was one of the most interesting interpretations seen for a long time of the 116-year-old dance of passion and pathos. Miss Mary Skeaping, the Director of the Royal Swedish Ballet, not only restores much which is usually cut from Adam's original score, she also makes some additions, among the most notable being a fugue in the second act. The result, at the Empire Theatre, was a *Giselle* both romantic and dramatic, taking some twenty minutes longer than usual. With it on the first night, the Swedish dancers gave a modern ballet, *The Prodigal Son*, to music by the Swedish composer Hugo Alfven. It is a robust version of the Gospel parable translated into terms of peasant wall paintings in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Thus there is little emphasis on the morality. Instead, the dancers mime through the adventures in wild living which the Son had in far countries and everybody thoroughly enjoys them. Also in the Ballet's programme was *Gaieté Parisienne*, that delightful frolic to Offenbach's music which is rarely seen in Britain and which the Swedes recently invited Leonide Massine to re-stage for them.

LA PICCOLA SCALA OF MILAN IN CIMAROSA'S "IL MATRIMONIO SEGRETO": Members of the company from Italy sing on the stage at the King's Theatre, in Edinburgh. This work of Cimarosa is a comic opera. There are a social parvenu of a merchant, his two flirtatious daughters and a garrulous Count desirous of marrying one of them. The other daughter is secretly married to a young business associate of her father. The music has considerable charm reminiscent of the composer's great contemporary Mozart. La Piccola Scala is spending the full three weeks of the Festival at the King's Theatre and giving three other operas besides *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. They are Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* and Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore*. The last-named alone is at all familiar to British audiences. *La Sonnambula* is the only one of the four which is not a comic opera and even Bellini's work about the misfortunes of a sleepwalker is *semi-seria* rather than *seria*, for it has a happy ending.

CRISIS IN SYRIA

Personalities and Politics in the Latest Middle-East Trouble Spot

CHIEF OF STAFF: Major-General Afif Bizri was appointed to his post in the middle of the month. He is said to be a Communist Party member.

The Syrian crisis brings new personalities to the already overcrowded international stage. Briefly there are two political influences in the country—the Nationalists and the Communists. Both are anti-Western and have often expressed opposition to the Eisenhower Doctrine of possible American intervention against Russia in the Middle East. However, the Nationalists are pro-Egyptian rather than pro-Russian, although they have acquiesced in the increasing Soviet arms supplies to their country. Their leaders are President Kuwatly, aged 77 and said to be a sick man ; Prime Minister Sabri Assali (National Party), and Foreign Minister Salah Bitar (Baath Party). The Secretary-General of the Communist Party, which is naturally violently pro-Russian, is Khalid Baqdash, who is the only self-styled Communist in the Parliament. However, there is little doubt that the real power in Syria lies with Colonel Sarraj, Head of the Army Intelligence Service, who has so far preferred to operate behind the scenes. Unquestionably he was behind the recent purges in the Army and the police, control of which is essential to any would-be dictator. Sarraj calls himself a Nationalist but must really derive his power from the arms supplied by Moscow. Last week-end it still remained to be seen how far he was prepared to allow Syria to become a Soviet satellite.

AN OPPONENT OF THE WEST: The Foreign Minister, Salah Bitar, addresses a Press conference. He attacked the West, especially the United States and the Eisenhower Doctrine. Salah Bitar belongs to pro-Egyptian elements.

On left—

DICTATOR BEHIND THE SCENES: Colonel Abdul Hamid Sarraj is nominally Head of the Army Intelligence Service. In fact, for some months he has been dictator of the Army and may now be on the way to become virtual ruler of Syria. A Nationalist, he relies on support and arms from the Soviet.

TWO MEN IN KEY POSITIONS IN SYRIA: *Left*—General Amin el-Nafoury, the Deputy Chief of Staff, and (*right*) Jamal Faisal, Chief of Police. Both have reached office as a result of the recent purges in the Army and the police and both can presumably be regarded as henchmen of Colonel Sarraj. Last week-end the situation over Syria appeared to have reached a very critical stage. Tension had been rapidly increasing since the mid-month purges which gave control of the Army, and probably the Government, to pro-Communist elements. Fears among her neighbours that Syria would become a Soviet satellite were reflected in the meeting of the Kings of Jordan and Iraq with the President of Turkey. There were reports that Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Zhukov were to visit Damascus.

THE START OF A RECORD-BREAKING JOURNEY INTO SPACE: Major D. G. Simons, of the United States Air Force, checks equipment in the gondola in which he ascended to a record height of nineteen miles from Crosby, Minnesota. He was in the air for thirty-two hours.

NINETEEN MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

An American Establishes a New Ballooning Record

SAFELY LAUNCHED: The balloon with its gondola shoots up into the sky after its launching. When he had passed the previous record altitude of 96,000 ft., Major Simons jettisoned ballast to reach a height of 19 miles.

THE ASCENT FROM THE IRON MINE: The plastic balloon throws its shadow on precipitous cliffs as it ascends from the iron mine. The bag carried 3,000,000 cub. ft. of helium.

An American Air Force officer, Major David G. Simons, last week ascended from Crosby, Minnesota, to a record height of 102,000 ft. He went up in a pressurised gondola suspended from a helium-filled balloon. The previous record for an ascent by a manned balloon, which was also held by the American Air Force, was 96,000 ft. It was set up last June.

Major Simons, who is thirty-four years old, is chief of the Space Biology Branch of the Aero-Medical Laboratory at Holoman, New Mexico. He watched the earth and his surroundings through tiny portholes in a pressurised capsule in the gondola and he took photographs and collected data. The gondola was only 7 ft. high and 3 ft. in diameter. He said that at the altitude of nineteen miles the stars did not appear to twinkle as they do when seen from the ground. It is believed to be the first time that this generally accepted theory has been confirmed by actual observation. Major Simons reported that he was quite comfortable throughout his thirty-two hour ascent, although at one time during his night spent above the earth the temperature in the gondola dropped sharply. The experiment had only been intended to take twenty-four hours, but at the height of 40,000 ft. Major Simons encountered winds of 70 knots and this delayed his descent.

During the ascent, which started from the bottom of an open-pit iron mine, the Major wore a pressurised suit. For ten hours before the launching he breathed a mixture of oxygen and helium to accustom himself to it for the flight and to minimise the possibility of his suffering from dangerous and painful " bends " during the ascent.

He brought the balloon safely back to earth on a cliff overlooking Ellendale, in North Dakota. Although the flight of the airman was followed by radar throughout its duration, his landing was not observed as ground trackers lost sight of the balloon in the winds. As a result of this successful experimental ascent it was announced that the American Air Force was proposing to send up further balloons and gondolas of this type, but they would carry crews of four or five.

The balloon was made of thin plastic. It was 280 ft. long and held 3,000,000 cubic feet of helium. After he had landed it was torn to shreds by souvenir-hunters. (*See also page 321.*)

On left—
THE RETURN TO EARTH: Major David Simons (centre) smiles cheerfully as he is escorted from his landing-place. He had remained in the air for eight hours more than he intended, because at a height of 40,000 ft. he encountered a 70-knot wind. The record-breaking aeronaut is chief of the Space Biology Branch of the Aero-Medical Laboratory at Holoman Air Development Centre at Almagordo, New Mexico. He said that he had been comfortable in his pressure suit throughout the record ascent.

THE SITE OF THE OLD TREETOPS, IN KENYA: Mr. Geoffrey Mason-Smith, who escorts visitors to the new Treetops Hotel, examines the charred remains of the giant fig-tree which supported the original building. It was destroyed by a fire during the Mau Mau terrorism.

TREETOPS IS OPEN AGAIN

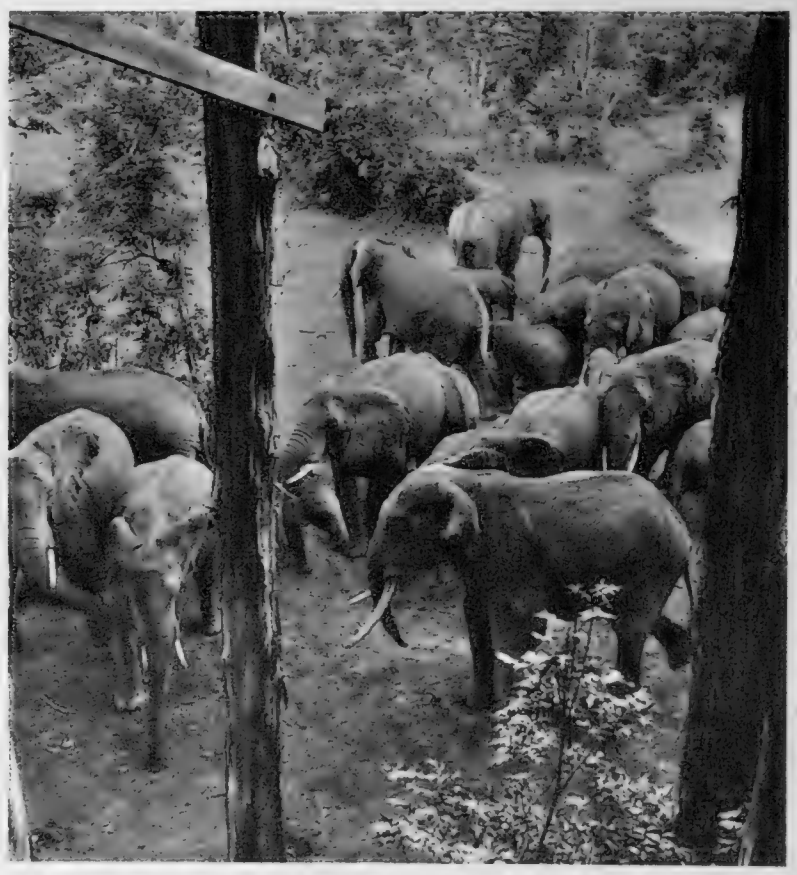
A New Building Replaces the Original Hotel and Animal Observation Point in Kenya, Destroyed by the Mau Mau

ENTER A WILD ELEPHANT: A group of visitors who have come out on to the veranda of the new Treetops early wild elephant emerges cautiously from the depths of the forest and lumbers slowly into the clearing. From the lers can observe elephant, rhino, buffalo and many other animals in their natural moods. Game-watching at night

IN the glow of African moonlight a black bushbuck ram stooped to drink at a forest pool. Near him a ponderous rhinoceros grunted with pleasure as salt-soaked mud was sucked into his horny mouth. A few paces away, a 5-ton cow elephant stood patiently as her week-old baby curled back his bristly trunk and suckled greedily. The animals, unconscious of any intruder, behaved as wild beasts do only when they are completely undisturbed. But these forest dwellers had a human audience—fourteen enthralled visitors watching from a vantage point less than ten yards away.

This was Treetops, Kenya's famous hotel in the mountain forest of the Aberdares range, the new Treetops replacing the cabin which for more than twenty years enabled people from all over the world to see big game in a completely natural mood. In 1954 Mau Mau terrorists set fire to the giant fig-tree in which the old Treetops rested. A piece of the mosaic of British history disappeared in those flames, for it was here in the early days of February, in 1952, that Princess Elizabeth learned that she had become Queen Elizabeth II.

Many people deeply regretted the destruction of the old Treetops, but the new building is considerably better. Now, its amenities are such that in the middle of a forest populated exclusively by animals, visitors can enjoy many of the comforts of a first-class hotel. More than 8,000 visitors watched game from the old Treetops. They owed their experience to the vision and enterprise of a retired army officer who turned hotel-keeper in the early days of British settlement in Kenya, and then became host in a hotel of his own devising—a unique tavern which was to achieve a fame quite disproportionate to its size.



BAITING THE WILD ANIMALS: Major Eric Sherbrooke Walker in front of the hotel. The earth is naturally impregaddition of coarse rock salt increases its attraction to Herds of elephants wander past the cedar posts which

This man was Major Eric Sherbrooke Walker, who came to Kenya after the First World War to try his hand at farming. Instead, he built at Nyeri one of Kenya's first hotels, outside Nairobi, to suit the requirements of tourists.

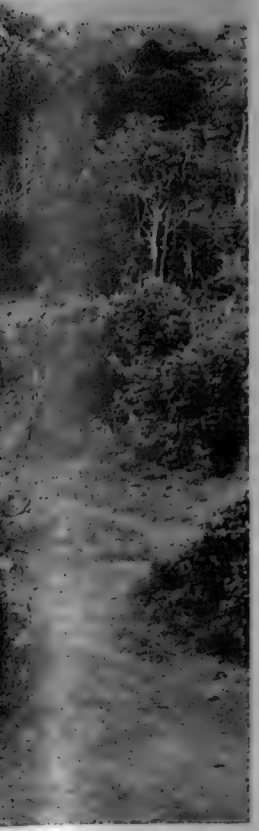
He was a keen naturalist and both he and his wife, Lady Betty Walker, soon took to showing visitors big game in the adjoining forest areas of the Aberdares range. This was a dangerous pastime, and matters came to a head when King Ferdinand of Bulgaria arrived to study African natural history. Accompanying this monarch, the first of several Royal visitors to the Aberdares, were his family as well as his doctor, ornithologist and valet. The king was a keen collector of butterflies. His pursuit of a particularly fine specimen took him into long grass where he nearly stepped on a sleeping rhino. The experience made Major Sherbrooke Walker decide that some other method of game-watching was essential.

The solution was provided by a farmer in Nyeri named Sheldrick, who had found a waterhole near the forest edge. He had built a rough wooden platform in the trees from which he studied the animals in comparative safety. Using this platform on several occasions, Major Sherbrooke Walker realised its great potentialities, and, in 1932, built the first two-roomed cabin in the fig-tree's branches. Thus Treetops was born. Over the years its popularity increased tremendously. Mr. Sheldrick is now dead, but his love of wild life was inherited by his son, Mr. David Sheldrick who, as Warden of the great Tsavo National Park, in Kenya's Coast Province, is responsible for the task of eliminating big-game poaching in this wild life stronghold.

Many famous people came to know and love the old Treetops. Among the visitors were the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and the late Lord Baden-Powell and Lady Baden-Powell. Every Governor of Kenya since the cabin was built has paid a visit. Even the threat of Mau Mau terrorism did not deter game lovers in the early days of the outbreak from visiting Treetops. Later, however, the danger became so great that visitors were banned. Then came the news, early in 1954, of the burning of this historic showplace.

By 1956 Mau Mau was virtually a thing of the past and Major Sherbrooke Walker began again to plan for a bigger and better Treetops. He was to receive valuable assistance from the Royal National Parks of Kenya, in whose domains the Treetops waterhole lies.

The charred fig-tree was no longer capable of supporting a building, so Major Sherbrooke Walker designed a more extensive cabin to stand on thirty-three sturdy cedar poles, each 40 ft. in length and about 9 ins. in diameter. The new structure is of two storeys. The flat roof has been made into a veranda for daylight game-watching. Curtained-off cubicles provide sleeping accommodation for fourteen people. There is a kitchen, a dining-room and lounge with a pleasant bar. Electricity is brought from a forest generating plant which is fitted with special silencing



in the morning watch as a veranda of the hotel travel- is particularly popular.

sprinkles salt over the soil nated with salt, but the the animals. *On left*— support the unique hotel.

THE FAMOUS HOTEL IN ITS PRIMITIVE SURROUNDINGS: The "jungle hotel" is a combination of a luxury-house guest and a game-watching point in the mountain forest of the Aberdares range, near Nyeri, Kenya. The structure was completed in June of this year and replaces the original Treetops which was built in 1932 and destroyed by fire in 1954. The rebuilding operations took six months. The new cabin, which accommodates fourteen persons, stands on sturdy cedar poles, each 40 ft. in length. The flat roof has been converted into a veranda for game-watching.

equipment. The necessity for keeping noise to a minimum has been well provided for and special floor-coverings deaden any footsteps.

Built of timber hewn in the surrounding forest, the new Treetops is an example of compactness, comfort and good taste. The work, carried out during some of the heaviest rains Kenya has known for years, took six months. It was a triumph for a British engineer, Mr. Tom Arthur, of Nottingham, who came to Kenya to retire in 1948 and has since busied himself as a dam-builder and expert repairer of farm machinery on local estates.

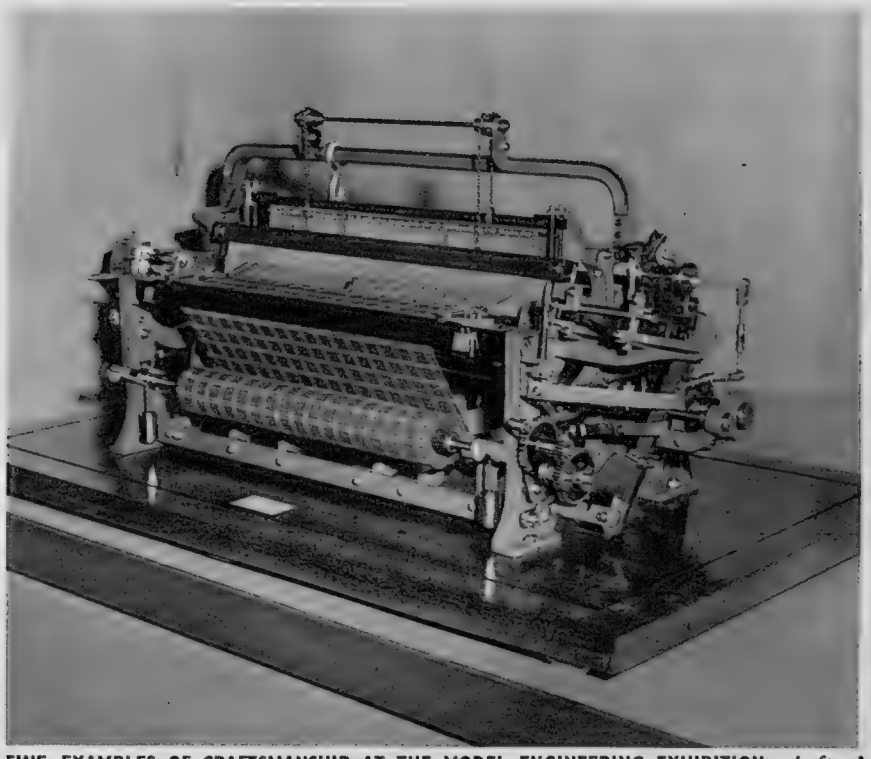
Mr. Arthur had a team of eight Kikuyu artisans and twenty-one labourers to help him. When the animals became accustomed to the thudding of hammers they soon returned to their favourite "hostelry." Herds of elephants, families of rhino and large groups of buffalo milled around the workmen, while baboons balanced themselves precariously on the planking.

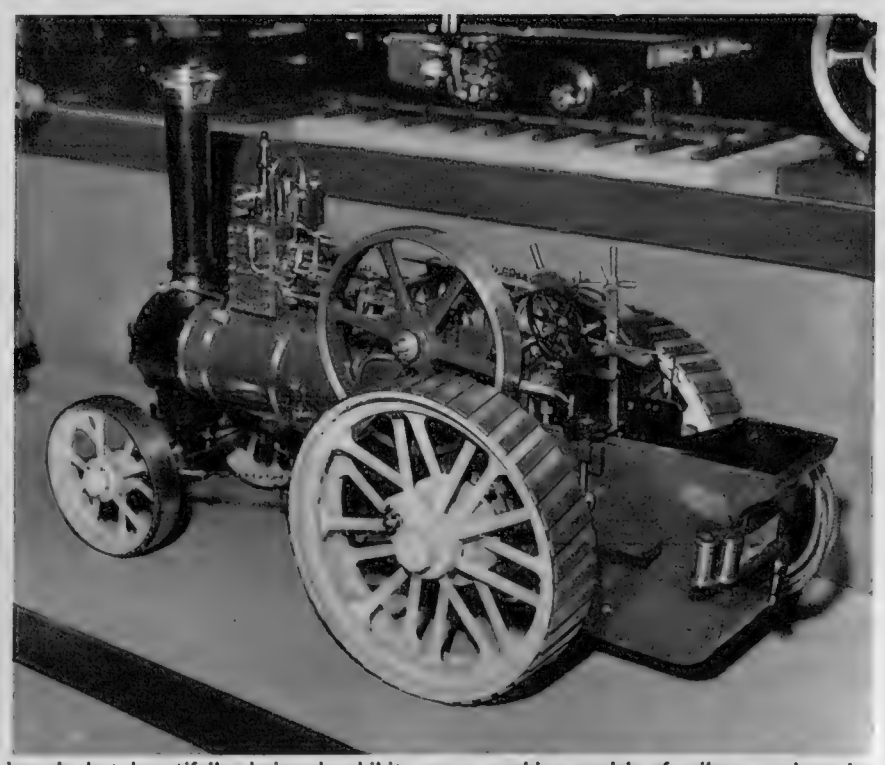
The new Treetops is a joint venture between the Royal National Parks of Kenya and Major Sherbrooke Walker. The Warden of the Aberdare National Park, a 228-square-mile mountain sanctuary, is Mr. John Alexander, a Birmingham engineer who joined the Colonial Survey Service in 1949. While working on a pipeline scheme in the Tsavo National Park, he became interested in wild life and consequently achieved his ambition to develop a sanctuary of his own when the National Parks authorities made him Warden for the Aberdares and Mount Kenya.

A curious historical thread links the Alexander family and the Aberdare National Park. The Aberdare range was named by the nineteenth-century explorer Joseph Thomson after the then president of the Royal Geographical Society, Lord Aberdare. In England, long before he heard of the Aberdares, Mr. Alexander married a girl who is Lord Aberdare's great-grand-daughter. His three-month-old daughter is, accordingly, named Vivika Caroline Aberdare Alexander. The National Parks authorities made a grant of £5,000 towards the new Treetops, and Major Sherbrooke Walker, who furnished and runs the building, provided £2,500. Globe-trotters who have already spent a night in the new building are unanimous that nowhere else have they discovered such a perfect blending of the savage and the civilised.

Visitors arrive at Treetops in the early afternoon. Leaving their safari trucks on the forest edge, they are escorted to the building by armed white hunters and the Treetops staff of cheerful, courteous African servants. The forest dwellers soon begin to arrive. The wilder "citizens" in these parts include the elephant, rhino, buffalo, leopard, waterbuck, bushbuck, reedbuck, duiker, warthog, bush pig and the massive, jet-black giant forest hog. There are also baboons, Sykes and Colobus monkeys, and the furry little lemurs known as bushbabies. Baboons are discouraged from entering the cabin—though they sometimes climb on the roof—but nothing deters the hyrax. Visitors have often found their shoelaces neatly removed from footwear left on the veranda. Hyrax, not leprechauns, were the culprits.

Game-watching continues until the early evening, when most guests adjourn for drinks and dinner. Afterwards they can continue watching the animals by the light of the moon or, on dark nights, by "artificial moonlight" from arc lamps. It is a strange sensation to eat asparagus or sip liqueurs while 30 ft. beneath you wild elephant trumpet and the leopard gives his coughing grunt.

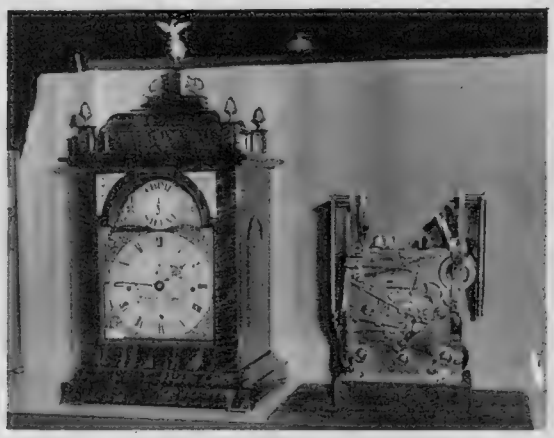




FINE EXAMPLES OF CRAFTSMANSHIP AT THE MODEL ENGINEERING EXHIBITION: *Left*—A homely but beautifully designed exhibit among working models of railway engines, jet planes and ships, is the Dobcross Underpick tappet loom. The Exhibition, which opened last week in London at the New Horticultural Hall, closes to-day (August 31). The facsimile of a woollen loom is modified with drop-box two-shuttle motion, and weaves a cross-check pattern. It was made by Mr. T. W. Milward, of Manchester. Its minute working parts are replicas of those employed by machines in many of the factories of the centre of the Lancashire textile trade. *Above right*—Another model made in Lancashire is the Devonshire tractor engine shown by Mr. E. Hinchcliffe, of Rochdale. Some of the engines at the Show were demonstrated round "toy-town" racing tracks at about forty miles an hour, but Mr. Hinchcliffe's single crank compound engine did not show its paces. This year is the fiftieth anniversary of the first Model Engineering Exhibition.

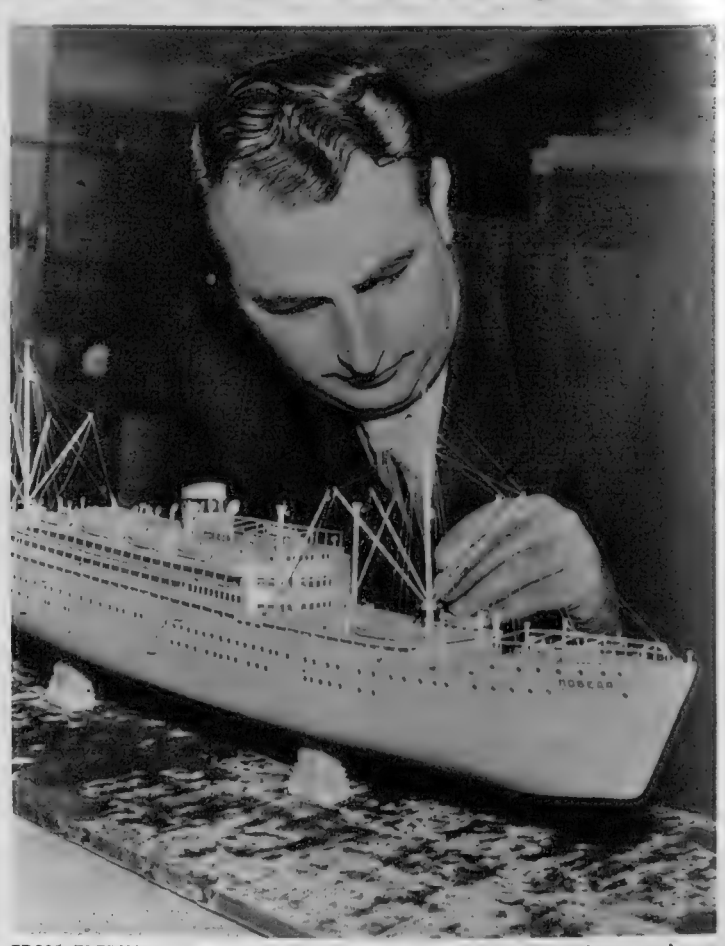
MODELS ON VIEW

Engineers Show Small Working Replicas of Many Machines at a London Exhibition



A SHIP AND A CLOCK: The good ship *Banshee* is a fine little paddle-steamer. She has been made to the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to a foot. *On left*—This clock was first shown at the Model Engineering Exhibition in 1937 and has never been taken to pieces. It stands over 6 ft. high, has a fine chime and an eight-day movement. This year it was entered for one of the prizes at the Exhibition, the Duke of Edinburgh Trophy, which is awarded to the most outstanding model of the whole Exhibition.

THE "PUFFING BILLY": This is a model of the original *Puffing Billy* which is kept in the Science Museum, in London. The replica won the Bradbury Winter Memorial Cup at the Exhibition in 1953. It does not steam, but it can be fully worked by hand. Many other miniature railway engines were exhibited.



FROM ELEPHANT TO LINER: One of the four Russian exhibitors makes a minor adjustment to a model passenger ship which is made out of ivory. The visitors from the Soviet Union showed altogether nine ships.

BRITAIN'S NEW GUIDED MISSILE

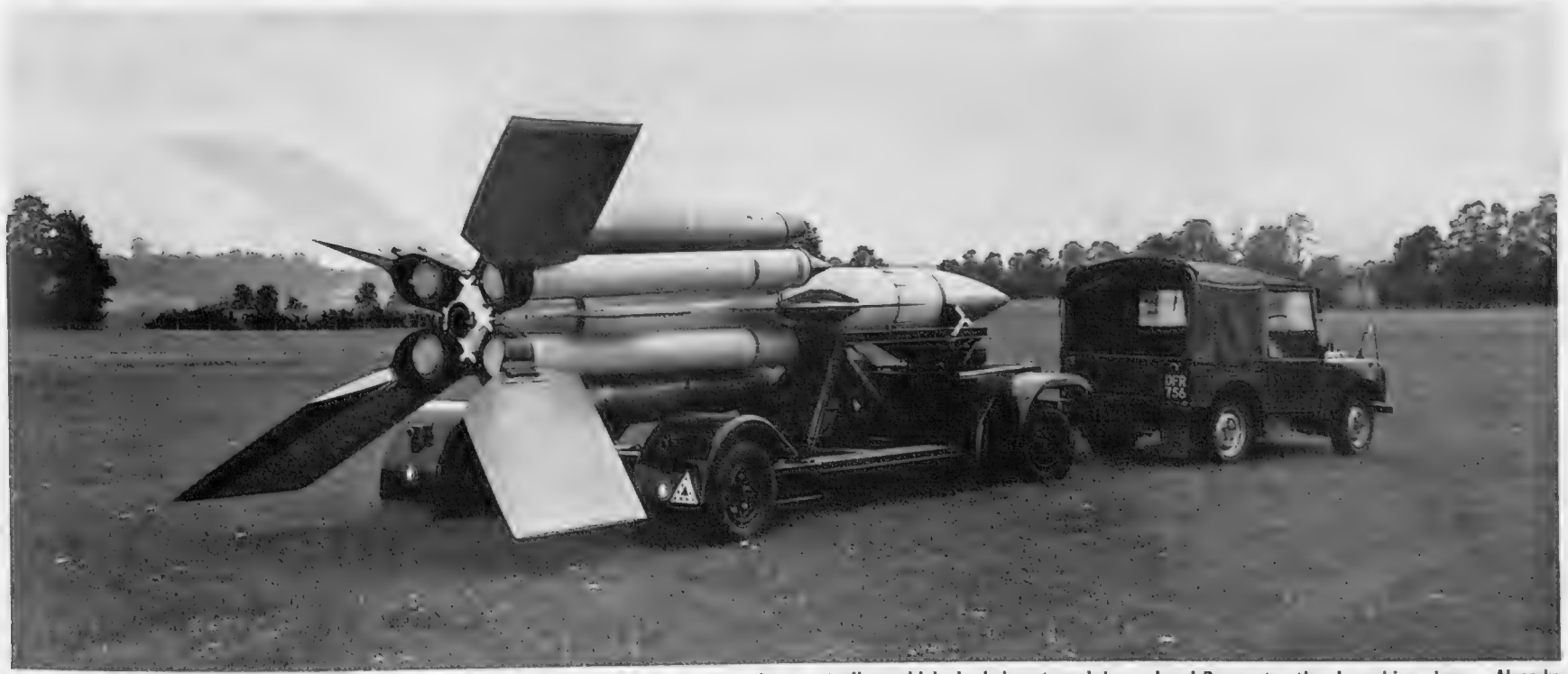
The Bloodhound is Shown Before Going into Quantity Production for the R.A.F.

PREPARING FOR FIRING: The Bloodhound is on its launcher at Filton. The surface-to-air guided missile is powered by ram-jets, but because these operate efficiently only at supersonic speeds rockets are fitted to give the weapon an initial boost. These accelerate the missile to a speed of 1,000 miles an hour in a few seconds.

The curtain of secrecy which has surrounded Britain's new and revolutionary missile weapon was lifted last week when the weapon was shown for the first time at the Bristol Aircraft Limited's works at Filton. Known as the Bristol-Ferranti Bloodhound surface-to-air guided weapon system, it has been developed by Bristol Aircraft Limited in conjunction with Ferranti, Limited. The Bloodhound—the type of supersonic missile which, in due course, is to replace fighter aircraft for the defence of the United Kingdom—is now in full production for the Royal Air Force. It is being made at five factories in Britain as well as at Filton and is to be made available to certain Commonwealth and West European (NATO) countries. The new weapon is simple in its construction. The 2,000-lb. missile can be loaded in a few minutes and operated with ease by ordinary servicemen after limited training. Its range has not been revealed, but it is capable of cruising at high altitudes by a system of controlled fuel supply. When the aircraft target is initially located by long-range, early-warning radar equipment, this information is fed to another radar set which, in turn, projects a narrow beam towards the target. At the same time the missile launcher is slewed towards the target and the Bloodhound is launched in roughly the right direction. The narrow beam directed at the target by the second radar set causes signals to be reflected from it and these are received by the missile which steers towards it. If the target should change direction, the Bloodhound immediately reacts and even if the pilot is taking great evasive action, the Bloodhound is continuously working out the optimum heading to get within killing distance in the shortest time.

The Bloodhound, 22 ft. in length and almost 2 ft. in diameter, is boosted to high supersonic speeds by rockets which are then jettisoned. The speed is maintained by two Bristol ram-jet engines of the Thor type—a unit developing tremendous power at very high speeds in the upper atmosphere.

BRITAIN'S NEW AND REVOLUTIONARY GUIDED MISSILE: This is the Bristol-Ferranti Bloodhound surface-to-air guided weapon system which was shown to the public for the first time last week at the Bristol Aircraft Limited's works at Filton. The weapon is simple and can be easily loaded and operated.



TRANSPORTING THE BLOODHOUND TO ITS LAUNCHER: The guided missile is secured on a trailer which is being towed by a Land-Rover to the launching base. Already in quantity production for the Royal Air Force, the Bloodhound has been offered to NATO and Commonwealth countries. Manufacture has been started in five factories, including one in Cardiff. The first of the Bloodhounds are to be delivered to the R.A.F.'s first missile station, which is at North Coates in Lincolnshire.

MEMORIALS TO THE "FOREST CANTONS" WHICH FOUNDED THE SWISS CONFEDERATION : The artist's impression is of the Castello Montebello (foreground) and the Castello Sasso Corbaro above Bellinzona, capital of Switzerland's only Italian-speaking Canton. With another medieval castle, San Michele, on an opposite hill, they have guarded the mountain passes for centuries. The castles have also been given the names of the three original Cantons of the Swiss Confederation, Schwyz, Unterwalden, and Uri, whose representatives, according to tradition, met together in 1307 and swore to drive out their Habsburg oppressors. Thus modern Switzerland was founded.

ANNIVERSARY OF SWISS FREEDOM

The Castles of Switzerland have Played their Part in the History of the Confederation which, According to Tradition, was Founded in 1307

Written and Illustrated by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

(Author of "An Artist Among Mountains")

IT is not often that a nation commemorates an event which may never have taken place, but this year is the 650th anniversary of what many people believe to have been the beginnings of the Swiss Confederation. Already, in 1291, the "forest cantons" of Uri, Schwyz and Unterwalden had concluded a perpetual league against the rule of the Habsburgs. But according to tradition, it was at daybreak on November 8, 1307, that three representatives of these cantons, together with thirty other men, met on a grassy clearing on the lower slopes of the Seelisberg, not far from Brunnen, on the Vierwaldstättersee, and swore to drive out their Habsburg oppressors.

Modern investigations appear to have proved that this is only a legend, like the story of William Tell, which is another tribute to Swiss love of freedom dating from about the same time. But in whatever way the seed of Swiss confederation may have been planted, there is no doubt that the sturdy growth had its roots in the Middle Ages. The three forest cantons formed the nucleus; by degrees other cantons joined them and in about 1320 the name Switzerland was first used. Yet there were many battles to be fought before they became welded into a nation and the country was not recognised as an independent state until the peace that concluded the Thirty Years' War in 1648.

Being in Europe's most mountainous region, the cantons occupied a naturally strong position, but the mountain passes, that were the only means of access open to commerce and travellers, had to be guarded against hostile invaders. Some of Switzerland's most interesting architectural treasures are the castles and other fortifications that have survived from the Middle Ages. At Bellinzona, the capital of the canton Ticino, for example, there can still be seen the three castles that were built to guard the St. Gotthard, the Lukmanier and the San Bernardino passes. These hoary veterans, clinging to the steep wooded hills, now bear the names of the three original cantons of the Confederation.

Certain similar relics of the past, situated in the larger towns or lying close to the customary tourist routes, are widely known and have often been painted by artists.

THE FAMOUS MEADOW AT RUTLI: Here the "Founding Fathers" of Switzerland are said to have gathered 650 years ago and sworn to drive out the Habsburgs.

But a few, tucked away in less frequented corners, are even more fascinating, for their mellow stones are not only beautiful but they are a part of the very fabric of Swiss history. Such is the old town of Murten, also known as Morat, on the lake of the same name less than 15 miles to the west of Berne.

In the thirteenth century Duke Peter of Savoy built the castle close to the lake and the little town that grew around it was enclosed by a high fortified wall. A large section of this wall still remains, with a covered way along the top where the garrison used to patrol, watching the open country beyond the moat. From the towers, spaced at intervals, you can look out over the red-tiled roofs of the town, with their numerous and sometimes curiously-shaped chimneys, to the gleaming water of the lake and the slopes of Mont Vuilly rising from the farther shore. Far away in the background is the range of the Jura mountains.

In the fifteenth century the fortifications of Murten were put to the test of war, when a large force of Burgundians, under Charles the Bold, invested the town. The garrison of 1,500 Bernese, led by Adrian von Bubenberg, resisted successfully for ten days. Then, on June 22, 1476, a force of 24,000 Swiss defeated 36,000 Burgundians in a battle fought in the fields and woods outside the walls, while von Bubenberg watched from the castle tower.

Much of the old inner town was rebuilt in the eighteenth century, but the streets, some of them very narrow, are nevertheless fascinating. There are broad arcades, as in Berne, giving ample shelter from sun and rain, and there are flowers and shrubs everywhere, arranged in miniature gardens at the edge of the roadway outside many of the shops and private houses. Hardly a window is without its box of brightly glowing geraniums and almost every street has at least one fountain, decked with a profusion of flowers, where the crystal-clear water pours into the stone basin. At every turn there is a subject for an artist, with glimpses of the castle and the old wall with its towers, and the view from a boat on the lake is enchanting.

CASTELLO URI : Also known as Castello San Michele it is one of the three castles named after the "Forest Cantons," on the wooded slopes near Bellinzona.

THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS BATTLE: The sketch is from one of the towers on the roofed medieval wall surrounding Murten. From the castle tower (on right) the garrison commander watched the Swiss defeat the Burgundians in 1476.

ONCE A SYMBOL OF FOREIGN RULE: Schloss Tarasp dominates a hill in the Inn Valley in the Engadine. The building, which dates from the eleventh century, was the residence of the Austrian Governors until 1803. In that year Napoleon, who was reaching the peak of his power, gave Switzerland a constitution of his own devising, which allowed the Cantons only a semblance of independence. However, the Congress of Vienna in 1815 guaranteed autonomy and freedom to the Swiss.

Below—

ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE: The ruins are of the Castle of Saillon. They are a landmark between Martigny and Sion, capital of the Canton of Valais.

A FORMER SEAT OF CONFEDERATE BAILIFFS: At Sargans Castle, in Canton St. Gallen, officials ruled the Rhine Valley from the Splügen Pass to Lake Constance for over three centuries until 1798.

N ANCIENT CASTLE NEAR LAUSANNE: Parts of the five-towered château at Vufflens are believed to date from the tenth century.

On right—

PICTURESQUE MURTEN: In summer the streets, buildings and fountains are gay with flowers and there are miniature gardens outside many shops and houses. In the right background is the tower of the castle built in the thirteenth century.

ANGLESEY, "MOTHER OF WALES"

The Ancient Island of Mona, off the Welsh Coast, has a Long History and Retains a Marked Individuality

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I HAD intended to write about the Royal National Eisteddfod, which was held at Llangefni, in Anglesey, earlier this month. But, when it came to the point, and I was sitting, filled with enthusiasm and Anglesey, in front of my typewriter, words failed me. And this is extraordinary: for the one thing that never fails at an Eisteddfod is the flow of words. And this year was certainly no exception. For five days the Isle of Anglesey, normally so quiet, rang and echoed with sound; the Welsh in full spate. Yet, I could really think of only two words to describe it—exhilaration and bewilderment.

For five days Anglesey was divided: the Welsh and the English; the exhilarated and the bewildered. Of course, there is always a division, for 80 per cent. of the population of Anglesey is Welsh-speaking, but it is normally a division beneath the surface, a division of which the English visitor is scarcely aware. But during the Eisteddfod, Anglesey was, in truth, a foreign country: a country with a different language, a different way of life, a different mode of thought, a different tempo.

You could tell the Welsh from the English at a glance, with never a word spoken. There was that air of exhilaration: indeed, sometimes more, for every now and again you would see men and women who appeared to be walking in a trance, the eyes glazed and the lips moving silently. And, on the other hand, there was that look of dumbfounded astonishment or, sometimes, of supercilious superiority: the representative of a great nation faintly amused at the antics of the natives.

The simple fact is that the English have never understood a true Eisteddfod—the Llangollen event is rather different—and this is not altogether surprising, since the whole proceeding is conducted in a language more foreign than French or German, as foreign as Chinese or Russian. Apart from that they find it incomprehensible—even though they will readily admit the beauty and fervour of Welsh singing—that thousands of men and women can sit enthralled (many coming from the ends of the earth to do so) while choir after choir sings the same set piece, singer after singer the same song; especially when there is a "western" on at the local cinema or, as in Anglesey, there are bikinis on the beaches.

So let us leave the Eisteddfod: but not the Isle of Anglesey, Mon Mam Cymru—Mona the Mother of Wales. That proud title was given at a time when the island was able to produce sufficent food for the whole country. But Anglesey has been the mother of Wales in many more ways than that. Throughout its history it has preserved the culture and the traditions of the Welsh. In the hardest times and despite all the conquerors (Romans, Danes and English), it has been the home of the Welsh language. It is as Welsh now as it was before the Roman conquest, and, true to its traditions, it may well prove to be the last stronghold of Welsh nationalism.

All this is not, of course, apparent to the casual visitor. Certainly it is not apparent from a window of the Irish express (which is how the vast majority of English people see Anglesey, and do not even know that it is Anglesey), certainly it is not apparent from a motor tour of the island's main roads, nor is it apparent from a fortnight's holiday at one of the coastal resorts. But once you get into the interior, off the beaten track, into the tiny villages, at the isolated farms, you cannot fail to notice the difference: especially if you speak Welsh (the Anglesey accent is a little different from that of North Wales), but even if you have no word of Welsh, and no shred of imagination, you will surely be aware of that different atmosphere. It is a place apart withdrawn.

Anglesey is an island only a little larger than the Isle of Wight, but with a much smaller population and separated from the mainland by a much narrower channel which, moreover, is bridged. It is not difficult of access and, furthermore, it is not mountainous. There is no difficulty in getting from one part to another. It may well be asked how it is that it has managed to preserve so distinctive an identity. Admittedly, it is an island, and an island people can preserve their identity and their traditions more easily than a mainland people, but that is not the whole answer. The secret, I think, lies in the fact that most of the traffic is "through" traffic.

Except at holiday times, people do not go to Anglesey: they pass through en route for Holyhead and Ireland. Even on holidays the visitors are contained in a narrow coastal strip, and this applies also to the colonisation by retired English folk. They, too, settle, for the most part, along the coast. Beaumaris has been an English town for upwards of 700 years: Holyhead is an English port. And this is true also of those little bays which have been taken over by the Anglesey builders: they may have thoroughly Welsh names, like Benllech and Trearddur, but they are now, in fact, English seaside resorts. These delightful little bays are a spider's web, ensnaring the visitor and leaving the interior inviolate.

The best place from which to take a first look at the Isle of Anglesey is Llanfairfechan on the mainland, an unspoiled, stone-built town backed by mountains. Across the hurrying waters of the Menai Strait lies the low coast of Anglesey, a patchwork of green and brown fields, the blue steep of Puffin Island, and the huddle of Beaumaris. From Llanfairfechan, Anglesey can seem very remote.

From Bangor it is just across the bridge: 1,710 ft. away to be exact. And what a bridge is this suspension bridge by Telford, the longest in Britain and by far the most beautiful. Close by is the Britannia Tubular Bridge, built by Robert Stephenson to carry the Holyhead railway. No bridge could compare at such close quarters with the airy graceful leap of Telford's suspension, and the Britannia bridge looks solid and heavy by comparison. But the latter seen by itself is the most majestic of all railway bridges. Stephenson's genius responded magnificently to the challenge of Telford.

Holyhead, at the opposite end of the island, is on yet another island separated from Anglesey proper by a channel wider, in all but two places, than the Menai Strait; a channel bridged by two embankments which enclose an inland sea of great charm. Holyhead has resigned itself to being the place people leave. Few climb the Holyhead mountain. It is only 710 ft. (any hill in Anglesey is called a mountain), but from the top in fine weather you get a wonderful view which includes the Isle of Man, the mountains of the Lake District, the Irish coast, the whole of Anglesey and the whole of the Snowdon range.

Unlike Holyhead, Beaumaris—with the imposing ruins of Edward I's fortress (the most perfect of all the concentric castles)—grows on you and exerts an ever tighter grip. It is a delightful place, with a Regency flavour, which has achieved the amenities of a seaside resort without losing any of its dignity or damaging its historical setting. And always there is the Menai Strait and the great mountains beyond.

Inland, almost in the centre of the island, is the capital Llangefni, the Eisteddfod town, which, with a population of some 2,000, entertained at least 20,000 Welshmen during the five days of the "National"; a quite remarkable achievement. Llangefni is also the chief agricultural centre of the island and has a very busy market and an air of solid prosperity. Here on a normal day, on any day outside the holiday season, it is startling to hear a word of English spoken. But this is true of every village and hamlet in the interior.

Welsh names on Anglesey are frequently long and always, when spoken by the Welsh (the Saxon tongue cannot master them), tuneful. Anglesey can boast the longest place name in the world. It never does, for the simple reason that the name is apochryphal and of modern origin, and is to be seen only on the post office and the railway station. The name is Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, which is known locally as Llanfair P.G.

And Llanfair P.G. reminds me that Anglesey is more than Mon Mam Cymru. She is also Mon Mam Cymdeithas y Merchaid, the Mother of Women's Institutes. For it was at Llanfair P.G. in 1915 that the first Women's Institute in Britain was founded. It is to be hoped that when the jubilee of the W.I. takes place in eight years' time Llanfair P.G. will be suitably remembered. Nothing like an Eisteddfod would be possible, of course. But perhaps an Institute from the depths of Wessex singing "Jerusalem"? That would be an experience for the Welsh.

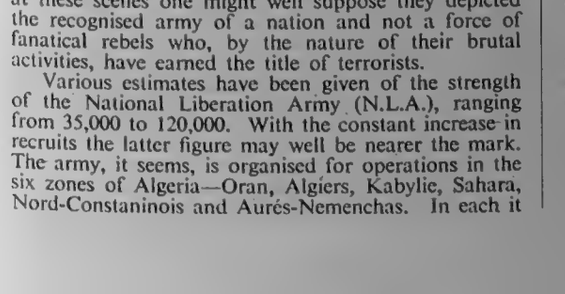
TELFORD'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE MENAI STRAITS: The suspension bridge, one of the most beautiful in the British Isles, leads from Anglesey into Caernarvonshire. In the background are the mountains of Snowdonia. The island, known as the "Mother of Wales," once produced enough food for all that country. To-day Anglesey is sparsely populated and travellers tend to hurry through it en route for Holyhead and Ireland. But, with its individual Welsh culture, it is well worth a visit of exploration.

RECRUITS UNDER TRAINING FOR THE NATION
Free Algerian flag on a bayonet, the men
"East" base in the Atlas Mountains.
Liberation Army is adding to the proble

WITH THE N
ARMY IN A

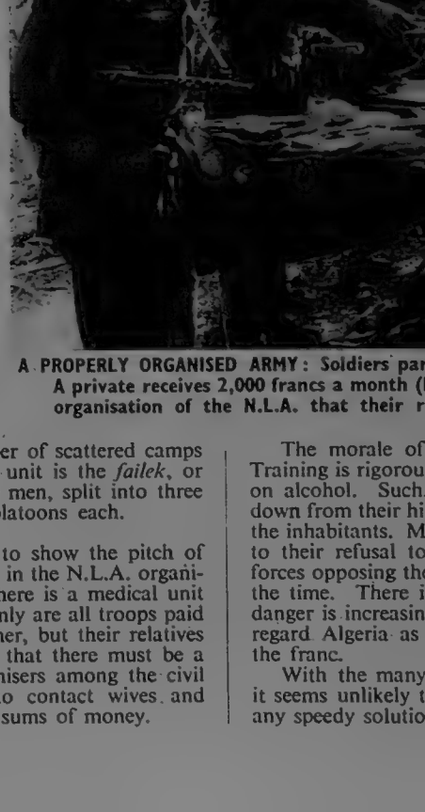
Remarkable Pictures from a Rebel Str

ON PARADE FOR AN EXERCISE: On the right is the commander of the unit, a lieutenant with two stars on his pocket. The mortar is of Czech manufacture. The other arms are of miscellaneous makes.



On left—

PLANNING AN OPERATION: Officers study a map to plan a raid against the French. The ruthless actions carried out by the N.L.A. bring bloodshed and terror to Algeria almost every day.



A PROPERLY ORGANISED ARMY: Soldiers par
A private receives 2,000 francs a month (
organisation of the N.L.A. that their r

The pictures on this page are striking and, to the French, alarming evidence of the efficiency and strength of the Nationalists in Algeria. Indeed, looking at these scenes one might well suppose they depicted the recognised army of a nation and not a force of fanatical rebels who, by the nature of their brutal activities, have earned the title of terrorists.

Various estimates have been given of the strength of the National Liberation Army (N.L.A.), ranging from 35,000 to 120,000. With the constant increase in recruits the latter figure may well be nearer the mark. The army, it seems, is organised for operations in the six zones of Algeria—Oran, Algiers, Kabylie, Sahara, Nord-Constaninois and Aurés-Nemenchas. In each it has a headquarters with a number of scattered camps or bases under command. The unit is the *failek*, or battalion, of 20 officers and 350 men, split into three *katibas* or companies of three platoons each.

Two examples can be given to show the pitch of efficiency which has been reached in the N.L.A. organisation. In almost every camp there is a medical unit of doctors and nurses, and not only are all troops paid in the accustomed military manner, but their relatives receive allowances. This means that there must be a large number of hidden sympathisers among the civil population who are prepared to contact wives and mothers and hand them regular sums of money.

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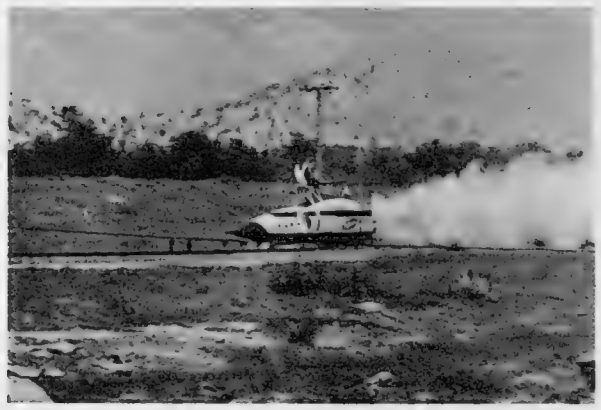
A NEW SAFETY DEVICE FOR AIRMEN: A dummy figure lies in a rocket-propelled ejector seat for escape from fighter aircraft. The device is perched on a launching platform on a supersonic sled at the U.S. Air Research and Development Command at Mesa, Utah.

AN EXPERIMENT ON EJECTION FROM A BOMBER: A mass of spray rises from a water trough on a runway, testing ejection possibilities from the nose cabin of a Convair B-58 bomber at China Lake, California. The trough acts as a brake on the four-mile-long runway.



THE SEQUENCE OF EJECTION: *At top*—The seat and dummy are driven along the runway on the sled. *In centre* (both pictures)—The seat is boosted into the air by its rockets. *Bottom*—The device has been lifted several hundred feet to a height at which its time-controlled parachute can open. The twin booms with folding fins attached to them stabilize the seat's flight.

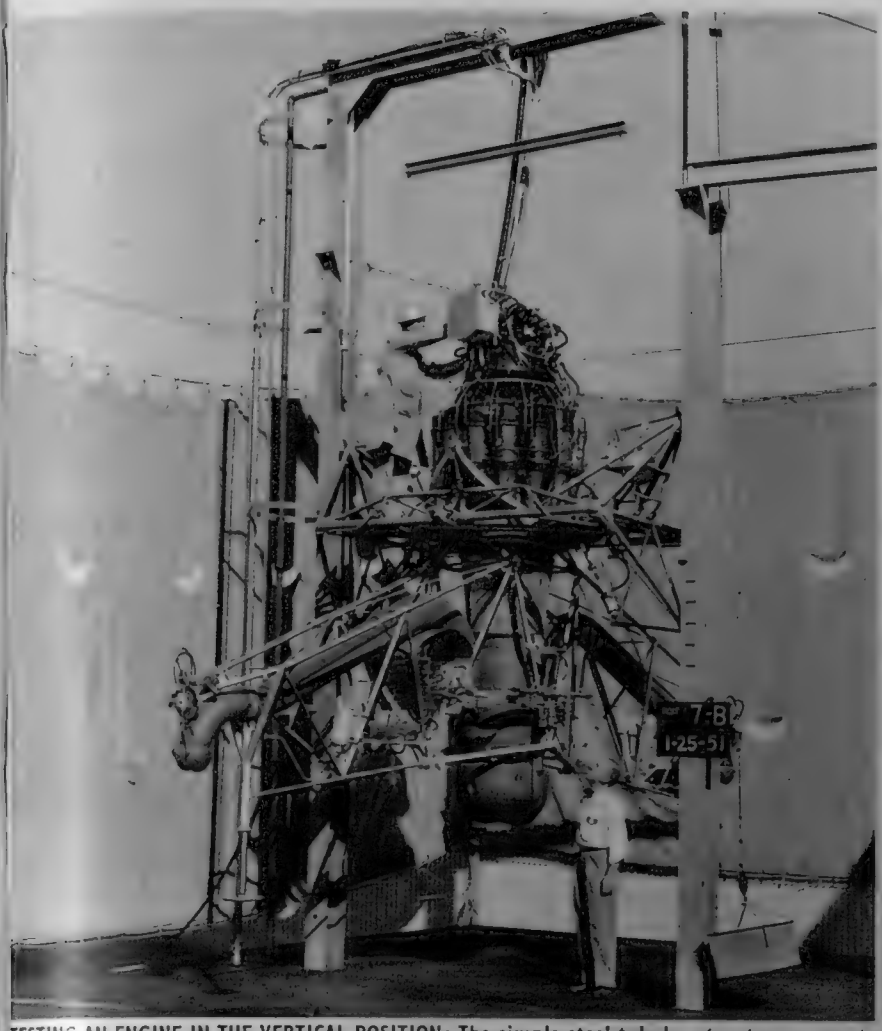
The ancient Chinese used the device of attaching a stick to a rocket to make it fly like an arrow, and the same technique has recently been developed by the United States Air Force Air Research and Development Command in trials on ejector seats for jet aircraft flying faster than sound. To simulate the conditions which jet pilots will have to face when they bale out of planes at such speeds, these seats, with dummy figures to represent pilots, have been shot from sleds driven on lines along a runway. When the ejector seat has been lifted by the boost of its twin rockets to a correct altitude, a time-controlled parachute opens to carry the mock pilot safely to the ground. The twin booms of the rockets on the seat stabilise its flight and folding fins at the end of the booms increase its stability. In the trials shown in these pictures the seat was shot up several hundred feet and landed undamaged

EVOLUTION OF A VERTIJET

And Experiments with Ejector Seats in America

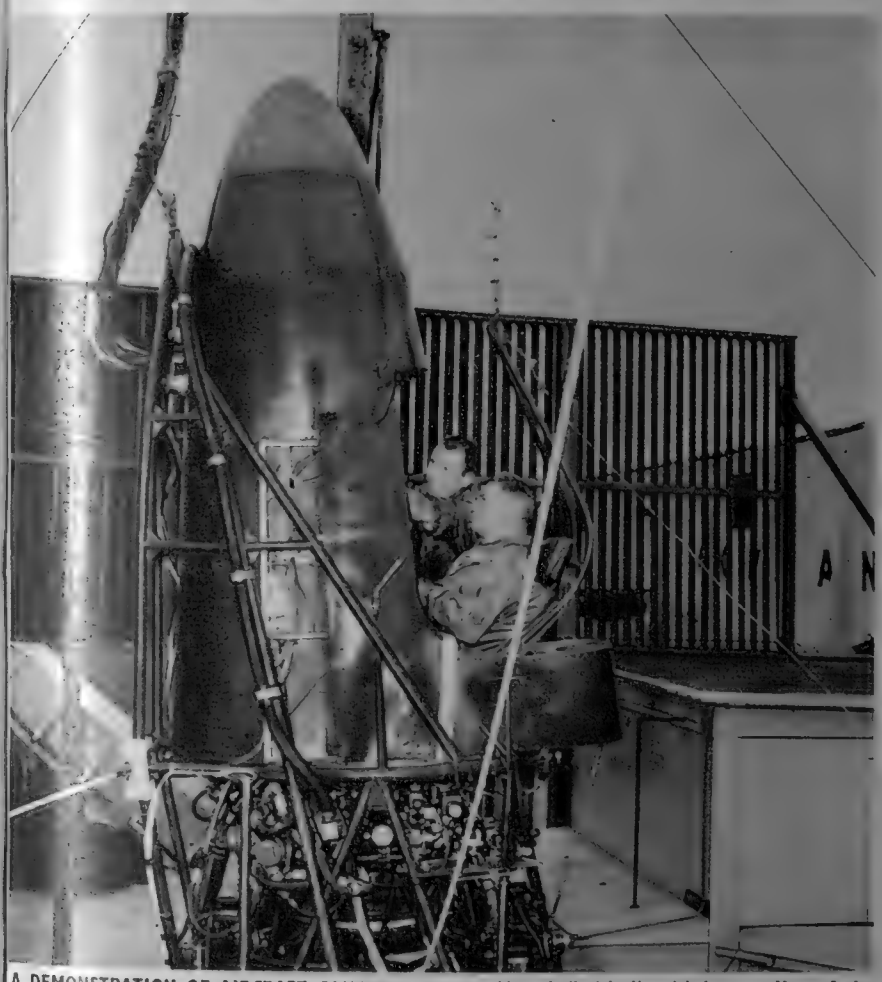
READY FOR A TRIAL: The nose section of an American Convair B-58 supersonic bomber mounted on a sled waits at the start of the 4-mile runway at the Naval Research Track, China Lake, California. It is the only railway type of track in the United States large enough to handle these tests on supersonic bombers of the type of the B-58. Three seats are ejected from the nose, where the crew sits. The conditions simulated are those of the bomber flying faster than sound and life-size dummies of human bodies are thrown from the nose section. The seats are shot out by a rocket catapult and are thrown up high enough to clear the tail of the bomber.

AN EARLY STAGE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE VERTIJET: Mechanics test an engine with a view to its incorporation in a Ryan X-13 at Edwards Air Force Base, in California. For the initial trials of the aircraft in taking-off and landing vertically, a British Rolls-Royce Avon engine was found the most suitable. No American jets suited the project.



TESTING AN ENGINE IN THE VERTICAL POSITION: The simple steel tubular structure supports a jet engine. The test vehicle is operated by remote control. Vertical trials of this kind played an extremely important part in the development of the Ryan X-13 Vertijet.

PILOT AS PASSENGER: To prove that the automatic control system can keep this prototype of the vertijet stable, the pilot takes his hands from the manual controls during tests on the embryo aeroplane. Delta wings here seen were used in the finished aircraft.



A DEMONSTRATION OF AIRCRAFT CONTROLS: Peter Girard (behind), chief test pilot of the hover plane, explains how its controls work to an American naval officer. The cockpit seat can be rotated through an arc of 45 degs. to make the pilot comfortable.

PREPARING TO HOVER: The pilot sits in the cockpit ready to start hovering tests. These were carried out in the third stage of the plane's development. The last and perhaps most difficult stage was the transition from vertical to horizontal flight.

American engineers have concentrated much on the vertical flying possibilities for an aeroplane to answer the problem of take-off and landing in restricted space.

One such American experimental aircraft is the Ryan X-13 Vertijet Pictures are shown on these pages of the development of the Ryan X-13 which was designed so that it could take-off and land on its tail and could pass from vertical to horizontal flight. The project was carried out in four main stages. They were : the test vehicle ; the plane in horizontal flight ; in vertical flight ; and then, perhaps most difficult of all, the transition in the air from vertical to horizontal flight and then back again.

At first, after a suitable jet plane had been tested in a conventional test stand, the engine was stood upright tethered to a steel tubular structure, which provided support for it. A set of " umbilical " cables was connected to the test vehicle. These included a fuel line, an electrical line and a safety cable. After a large number of tests the vehicle was proved to be able to hover under automatic control in the stand. Later, after further tests, a pilot flew it under such control.

The next stage was the testing of this machine in horizontal flight. For this, no suitable American engine was readily available at the time, so the British Rolls-Royce Avon engine was modified.

In conventional flight the X-13, which is delta-winged, was, after considerable alterations, found to be satisfactory. Then tests were made in free vertical flight with a pilot. Initially, the aeroplane was flown hovering above the ground, at altitudes of less than 50 ft., and horizontal speeds were held below thirty miles an hour. Vertical landings to an accuracy of 6 ins. were accomplished.

Meanwhile, for the pilot's comfort, a chair which could be rotated through an arc of 45 degrees was installed in the cockpit. Having proved that the pilot could take-off and land the vertijet on its tail, the last stage was the transition from a hovering vertical flight to horizontal and then back again. This was first achieved towards the end of last year by Peter Girard, the test pilot of the Ryan Aeronautical Company.

The Ryan X-13, hovering on exhaust gases from the single Rolls-Royce Avon jet engine, was recently demonstrated in public in Washington. It took off from a concrete pavement near the Pentagon Building and was lifted into a vertical position prior to take-off by a hydraulic hoist. It came in to land by turning its nose upwards and coming down on its tail, the thrust of the jet easing it gently back on to its launcher. As the jet hovered in front of the imposing military headquarters in Washington, it filled the air beneath it with clouds of smoke and of steam.

Cross-Channel Swimming Race

Victory for a Danish Woman

THE WINNER COMES ASHORE: Greta Andersen, the Danish Olympic champion, splashes ashore near Dover to win the international cross-Channel race last week.

MAKING GOOD PROGRESS: A helicopter hovers above Greta Andersen, who raises her arm to wave to the pilot as she forges steadily on towards the cliffs of Dover and victory. She took 13 hours 53 mins. to swim from Cap Gris Nez to the English coast. Only one other of the twenty competitors completed the distance.

THE LAST FEW STROKES: Surrounded by paddling Press photographers, the winner finishes her marathon swim. She was the first woman to beat all opposition in a mixed swimming race across the Channel.

A PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT: Frederick John Gill, of London, has a drink in the water. Second to Miss Andersen and the only other finisher was Kenneth Wray, of Southport, who took 16 hours 25 secs.

When thirty-year-old Greta Andersen walked up the shore at Lydden Spouts, between Dover and Folkestone last week, she became the first woman to beat all opposition in a mixed race across the Channel, the fifth to be sponsored by Mr. William Butlin. Only one of the other nineteen entrants finished. He was Kenneth Wray, of Southport, Lancashire, who took the £500 first prize in the men's section. Miss Andersen received a 1,000-guinea trophy and the £500 first prize for all competitors. The race began from Cap Gris Nez in darkness at 4 a.m. The sea at first was rough but later it became calm. The winner took 13 hours 53 mins. to cover the distance to the English coast. Mr. Wray's time was 16 hours 25 secs. to Shakespeare's Cliff, Dover. Four men were still battling in the water at 8 p.m. when the race organisers ordered them out because of fears of a change in the weather. Miss Andersen, an Olympic swimming champion, married an American football coach last June and now lives in California.

On right—

READY FOR THE START: Competitors line up in the darkness before dawn on the beach at Cap Gris Nez. On the left with the starting pistol is Mr. William Butlin, the organiser of the swimming race. At the start the sea was rough, but later it became calm.

THE LAST OF THE GAIETY

The "Musical Lady" is Lowered from the Dome of the Partly Demolished Theatre

THE END OF A FAMILIAR LONDON LANDMARK: With the demolition of the old Gaiety Theatre now well advanced, the famous winged figure of the "Musical Lady" is lowered from its position at the top of the dome overlooking the junction of the Strand and Aldwych. If it can be restored, the figure will be placed in the garden of the central courtyard of the new building which the English Electric Company are to erect on the site of the theatre. The figure, which is of teak, is over 20 ft. high and weighs more than a ton. The new building on the site will be faced in Portland stone and on the roof there will be another prominent feature in roughly the same position as the old "Musical Lady." It will be an observation room through which will run a mast carrying a radar scanner.

THE FIGURE IS LOWERED THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE DERELICT THEATRE: Workmen stand by with the guiding ropes as the figure is lowered gently to the rubble-strewn floor. Only the shell of the Gaiety now remains. It was the second theatre to bear the name, and was opened on Oct. 26, 1903, when a performance of *The Orchid* was attended by King Edward and Queen Alexandra. The theatre was closed before the Second World War and has not been used since then. There was a proposal for the reopening of the Gaiety but it did not materialise.

On right—

THE DESCENT FROM THE ROOF: The figure appears to blow a final fanfare as it begins its journey to the floor of the auditorium. Its head is adorned with laurel leaves. The Lyceum, another of the famous old theatres (renowned for its pantomimes) a few paces from the Gaiety, is still standing, although it ceased to function as a theatre many years ago. It is now a dance hall.

The Sphere of Travel

THE MOSELLE VALLEY AND THE EIFEL

A Corner of the Rhineland which Offers Varied Attractions

By GORDON COOPER

THE Moselle is my favourite German river. Many knowledgeable travellers consider it to be the loveliest part of the Rhineland. Along the 120-mile stretch, between Coblenz and Trier, it follows a leisurely and twisting course below its guardian hills. Many medieval towns and villages stand on ledges, from which a track leads down to the water, giving the overall impression of a river flowing through a lovely park. The hills are covered with vineyards.

The wines of the Moselle need no introduction. The local claim that " If you 've been to the Moselle and know you 've been there, you haven't been there " has humorous justification. Nor is it an exaggeration to say that nowhere else in Germany are the annual wine festivals more notable for their jollity.

Trier makes a good base from which to explore the valley of the Moselle, as well as the Eifel, the Saar, and Luxembourg. It is a fascinating city, dominated by its famous Porta Nigra, one of the most impressive monuments of its kind in Germany. The Black Gate scarcely gives the impression of being a ruin at all, for its state of preservation is remarkable. It rises in four noble tiers, only the top one being partially dismantled. There are other important Roman remains, including an amphitheatre, the gigantic throne-room of Constantine the Great and his successors, and two bathing places. Small wonder, therefore, that this city was given the surname of "Altera Roma," indicating its great ecclesiastical and secular importance in the first Christian millennium. The medieval buildings surround a glorious cathedral and the adjoining Liebfrauenkirche, the latter being one of the most interesting early-Gothic churches in the country.

In the cellars of Trier there are some 30,000,000 litres of wine. What could be more pleasant of an evening than to sit in one of the city's celebrated wine houses and drink (at modest cost) a bottle of Augenscheiner, the most famous local wine. The wine-lover could then continue on down the valley to such picturesque places as Bernkastel, Traben-Trarbach and Cochem, sampling the wines *en route*.

I have a special liking for Bernkastel and its wines, for my father considered that the latter were excellent for me in my youthful years; and it was therefore a constant beverage at meals. Many doctors attach great importance to the Moselle wines for the maintenance of good health.

The well-known " Bernkasteler Doktor " derives its name from a legend. A fourteenth-century bishop, who was also Elector of Trier, fell sick and his doctors plied him with medicines in vain. As he lay on his death-bed, a flask of wine was brought to him from one of the best sites in the neighbourhood of Bernkastel. He drank, and a miracle resulted. The dying prelate recovered and in gratitude bestowed on the wine its existing appellation.

The finest scenery along the Moselle is to be found in the sector between Bernkastel and Cochem, with the river meandering in fantastic fashion. Here and there, standing on hilltops, are the ruins of romantic castles, but the finest of them all is Burg Eltz which is still inhabited. However, it lies away from the river, a mile and a half north of Moselkern (10 miles east of Cochem), a typical little Moselle town surrounded by vineyards and quite unspoilt. There is an excellent inn, and I should recommend arriving there in time for a supper of Moselle pike, washed down with Brauneberger. The castle should be visited on the following day.

Before you set out for Burg Eltz make sure of the visiting hours, otherwise you may find yourself unable to enter. Nor is it open to the public when the Eltz family is in residence—it has been in their hands since 1125. The castle itself, with its incredible assembly of soaring peaks and gables, has an interesting interior, although considerable damage was done in 1920 by a rather disastrous fire. There is a fine collection of old furniture, pictures, ironwork, armour, and so on. But, above all, there is something indefinable about this unique building, secreted from the outside world in a hill-encircled hollow—the main reason for its escape from the hazards of war—and a survivor from the vicissitudes of the Middle Ages, the horrors of the Thirty Years War, the French invasion of 1797, and the widespread destruction of the last war. It gives, to me at least, the feeling that its walls are very wise, noting everything they have seen through the centuries, and forgetting nothing. It stands there brooding on its past, accepting to-day, and quite prepared to face another thousand years of life.

Bernkastel is my first recommendation of a Moselle town in which to stay for a few days, although Cochem and Traben-Trarbach are close competitors. Built in 1608, the central market square is surrounded by a framework of houses with pointed gables and artistic wood carvings. Several medieval streets and lanes lead from it. An interesting feature in this square is St. Michael's Fountain, which plays a delightful function on the occasion of the annual wine festival (the first week-end in September) when it gushes, symbolically, a little wine instead of water. The wine festival of Bernkastel is, indeed, a lively affair. Gaily-decorated boats sail on the river, and at night the scene is illuminated by the floodlit ruins of the nearby Landshut Castle. The vintage festivals continue to be celebrated in other places on the Moselle during the rest of September. The German Tourist Information Bureau can supply a list of these events.

North of the Moselle and west of the Rhine is the Eifel, a rather bleak mountainous district which covers a wide area, for it is some forty miles from north to south, and slightly less, at its widest point, from east to west. Its chief appeal is for those who like to get off the beaten track and seek the wide open spaces. The southern portion—the Vorder-Eifel, or Volcanic Eifel—is, however, very picturesque in places, and is also very interesting from a geological point of view, owing to the numerous traces it bears of former volcanic action, such as the streams of lava, slag-hills and " Maare " (extinct craters filled with water). The pleasant little resort of Daun is a good

Recommended Hotels in the Moselle Valley and the Eifel:

Trier: Römischer Kaiser.
Bernkastel: Drei Könige; the Post.
Traben-Trarbach: Clauss-Feist.
Cochem: Union.
Zell: Schloss.
Manderscheid: Zens.
Monschau: Kurhotel.

Specialist Travel Agent:

Germania Travel Ltd., 10, *Clifford Street, London, W.*1.

For Further Information:

German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, *Vigo Street, London, W.*1.

HOLIDAY HOTELS DE LUXE

LUXURY hotels, like those in lesser categories, offer varying degrees of attractiveness. For those readers who prefer to holiday in a four-star establishment, with good food and a pleasing environment, I give the following ten personal recommendations:

Imperial Palace, Annecy. (*Stands in a lakeside park.*)
Carlton Hotel, Cannes. (*Most fashionable hotel on the Côte d'Azur.*)
Hermitage Hotel, La Baule. (*Best beach and gayest resort in Brittany.*)
Villa Serbelloni, Bellagio. (*An idyllic spot on Lake Como.*)
Regina Isabella, Lacco Ameno, Ischia. (*Thermal baths, and the last word in luxury.*)
Burgenstock Hotels, near Lucerne. (*Magnificent situation overlooking the lake.*)
Brenner's Park Hotel, Baden-Baden. (*My favourite German spa.*)
Itter Castle, Woergl, Tyrol. (*A 1,000-year-old castle transformed into a luxury hotel.*)
Kvarner, Opatija. (*The only luxury hotel on the Dalmatian coast.*)
Felipe II, El Escorial. (*Marvellous air: a good centre for visiting Madrid and other art cities.*)

A RUINED CASTLE ON THE MOSELLE: The river flows past the Graefinburg Castle, near Traben-Trarbach, in its sparkling wines, ancient castles and beautiful countryside. Some of the finest scenery is to be found its famous wine "Bernkasteler Doktor," which derives its name from a fourteenth-century bishop who is said

centre for viewing these volcanic lakes. Manderscheid, Gerolstein, and Kyllburg are three other places whence the geologist can explore the results of eruptions in the long-distant past.

The dividing line between the Upper and Lower Eifel is the River Ahr, a tributary of the Rhine. Its valley is pleasing, not least because from its sunny slopes and terraced vineyards comes a red and rather strong wine of good repute. Coming from the Rhine, the first resort encountered is the fashionable spa of Bad Neuenahr (casino). Two miles further on is Ahrweiler, a delightful little town encircled with medieval walls pierced by several fine gateways. Finally, there is Altenahr, another small picturesque resort. About eighteen miles to the south is the famous Nürburgring, with its great motor-racing track—the scene of the German Grand Prix and several other competitions.

The northern part of the Upper Eifel is not of special appeal, apart from the city of Aachen which lies on its fringe. This important Roman station and the birthplace of Charlemagne suffered severely during the war, but its cathedral, said to be the oldest church in Germany, fortunately survived. It contains a marvellous treasury and an amazing collection of curious relics, which rival those in Oviedo Cathedral.

Further south, however, there are three attractive resorts: Heimbach, where the ancient castle has been converted into a delightful hotel; Monschau; and Münstereifel. Monschau is extremely attractive, although it is not mentioned in any guidebook I possess, not even in a pre-war *Baedeker*. Yet I consider it to be the most interesting town in the Eifel. The building called "Das Rote Haus" is particularly alluring. This eighteenth-century house is now a museum, with some fascinating furnished rooms, but its pride is a superb carved-wood staircase. During the summer a three-week Musical Festival is held in Monschau, many of the performances being given in the ancient, romantic castle.

Münstereifel is another pleasant old town, ringed with medieval walls and possessing some fine historic houses. It is a spa, with some fine walks through woods nearby. One great advantage of the Eifel is that its altitude gives it a cool summer climate, and the sheltered position of most of its resorts takes the edge off any chilliness. Prices, too, in this part of Germany are low, for it is an important agricultural region. And with its ease of access from Britain, I think it is well worth consideration in planning a family holiday.

Germany. This is the centre of the area which is famous for between Cochem and Bernkastel. The latter is noted for to have recovered from a nearly fatal illness by drinking it.

A TOWN IN THE RHINELAND PALATINATE: Trees surround many of the houses in Gerolstein, which lies in the mountainous Eifel area of Germany. The chief appeal of this rather bleak district, north of the Moselle and west of the Rhine, is its isolation and its wide open spaces. Many parts of it are of great geological interest. *Below*—A view looking down on the Moselle as it bends at Bremm in the Palatinate.

SUGGESTIONS FOR UNUSUAL HOLIDAYS

IF you are looking for an unusual holiday, here are two which have just been arranged. The first is to Ghana. The new full member of the British Commonwealth is anxious to welcome visitors from Britain. The holiday lasts three weeks and you travel by air both ways. Most of the time is spent at Accra, which is situated in a very delightful part of the Gold Coast. You stay at a most up-to-date hotel, the Ambassador, situated in spacious grounds which include delightful tropical gardens. Here, during the winter months, you should be able to have a novel and exotic holiday. If there are two of you, the cost per person will be £239. Incidentally, that includes a room with private bath and full board accommodation and air fare, coach-class service.

In complete contrast, a coach tour to Moscow has been arranged for departure on September 29. Six whole days are spent in Moscow although the tour itself takes three weeks. The cost is £94 10s.

On the other hand, if a late motor-coach holiday is being contemplated a Grand Tour of Italy might seem preferable. There is a departure on September 29, and there are others on October 13, 27 and November 10. Two days are spent in Rome, and single days are also spent in Florence and Venice. These whole tours last fifteen days and the cost is 87 guineas each. Most of the big travel agencies will give you further details of all these tours.

W.D.C.C.

Life on a Lonely Island

Vatersay Isle, in the Outer Hebrides, has only Fifty Inhabitants

The tiny island of Vatersay, in the Outer Hebrides, is typical of the many sparsely-populated and lonely isles scattered off the Scottish coast. In many cases, the only link the inhabitants of these islands have with the rest of the world is when supplies are brought to them in launches from the nearest mainland towns. These launches usually make journeys twice a week, but when bad weather springs up several of the islands may go for some considerable time without outside contact.

The nearest mainland town to Vatersay is on Barra, which is in itself small and lonely. The approach to Vatersay is made via a rough track which winds its way from the quayside to the centre of the island, where most of the houses are built. Vatersay boasts of fifty inhabitants—mostly young children and old-timers. The island has little to offer them, yet the "locals" remain there, supported mainly by a Government subsidy for their crofts. The younger people, as soon as they are able, leave for jobs on the mainland, being attracted by good prospects, comfort and modern amenities. Few who leave to take up outside jobs ever return to the island, which is subject to strong westerly winds for the greater part of the year.

There are no shops on Vatersay and the crofters have to order their requirements on Barra. Twice a week a launch comes over the Minch to bring their orders. There is only one motor vehicle on the island, a truck which serves the entire community. Besides there being no shops, there is also no church and no place of entertainment. No doubt life on Vatersay is hard, lonely and primitive—but few of the inhabitants would ever consider leaving.

UNLOADING THE STORES: The launch from Barra has just pulled alongside the deserted little quay at Vatersay. One of the island's inhabitants has gone down to meet it and is helping the two seamen to unload the supplies.

DELIVERING SUPPLIES TO A LONELY PLACE: Andrew McDonald (left) and Lin Boyle leave Barra in a launch to deliver supplies to the lonely isle of Vatersay, in the Outer Hebrides. It is the island's only link with the rest of the world.

On left—

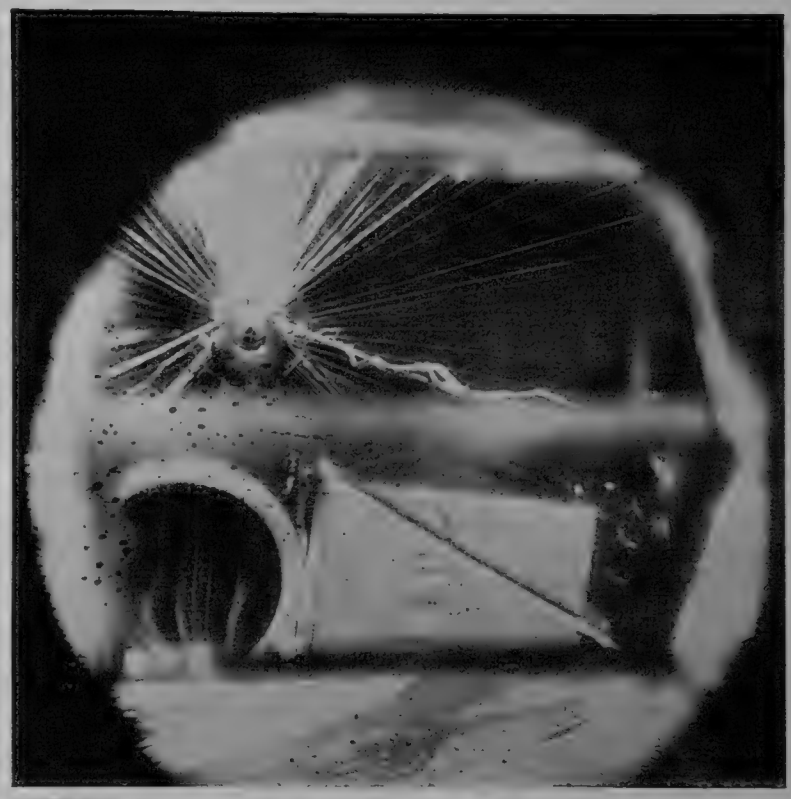
TWO SPECIAL VISITORS: Carrying his wares in a sack on his back, Mr. Zail Newlands, a draper from Barra, makes his way from the quayside up a rough track which leads to the centre of the island. He is accompanied by his wife. After selling their wares they are looked after by the inhabitants while waiting for the next launch to take them back across the waters to Barra.

THE LONG AND LONELY ROAD ON VATERSAY ISLE: *Left*—There is only one road running over the island. It takes the form of a rough track that runs quite close to the majority of the small bungalows which are built of stone. The island is quite barren and there are no trees to take the brunt of the strong westerly winds which sweep over the area for most of the year. *On right*—A motor truck has come down to the quayside to transport some of the heavier supplies brought over in the launch from the mainland.

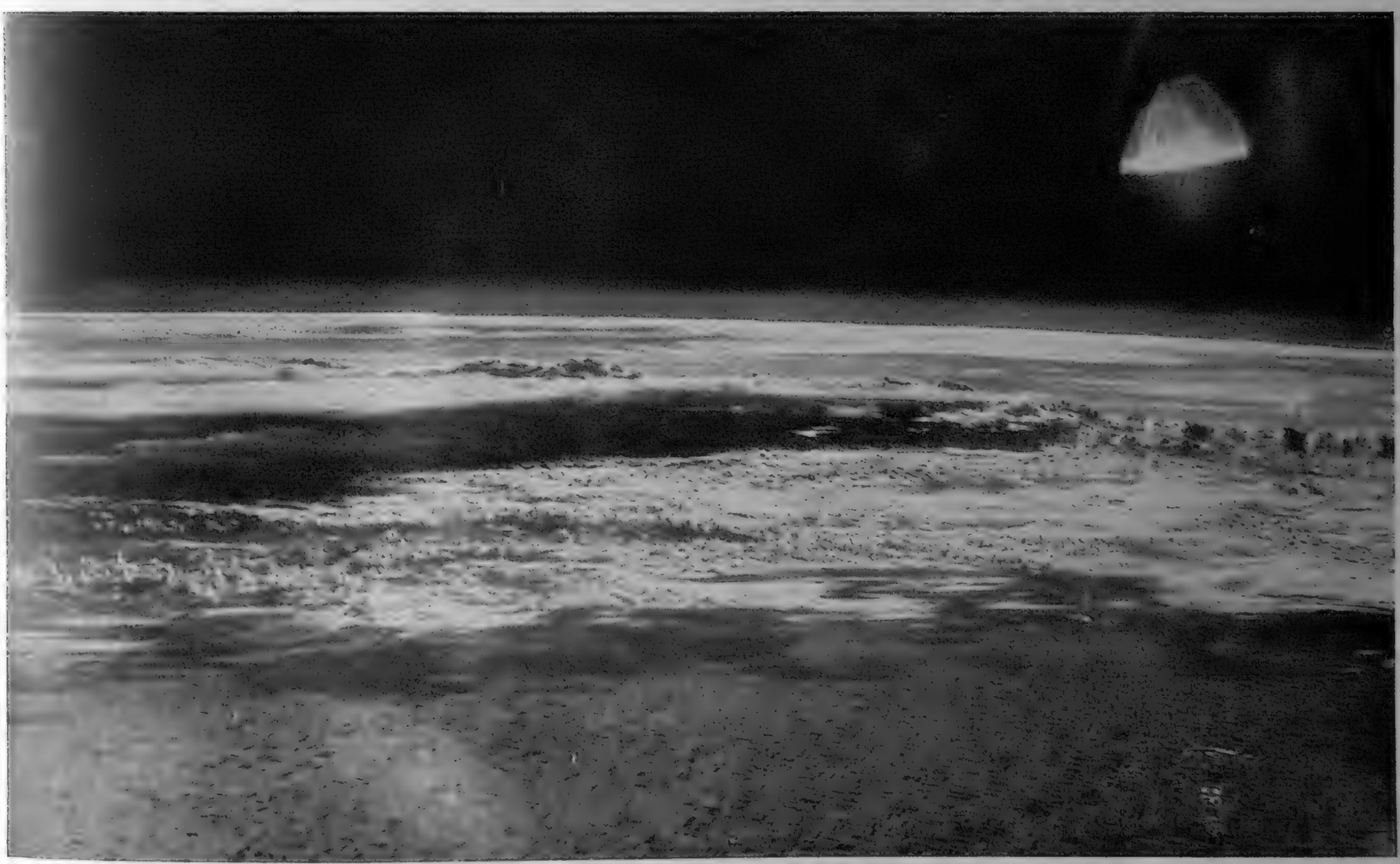
NINETEEN MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

Pictures Taken During the Record-breaking Balloon Ascent by an American Air Force Doctor

A UNIQUE VIEW OF THE WORLD OF MEN : Scattered cumulus clouds float above the earth, the curvature of which is seen clearly in this picture taken during the record balloon ascent from Crosby, Minnesota, last week. Major David Simons reached 102,000 ft. In the bottom right attached to an outside leg of the gondola and close to the camera is a device for measuring the surrounding temperature. The record-breaking aeronaut said that the most impressive factor on his journey was the absolute silence and loneliness at a great height—it was "Silence like nobody ever experiences on earth."



A MIRROR IMAGE FAR ABOVE THE EARTH : The earth is seen at the bottom of this picture which Major Simons took by using two mirrors in his gondola. The cords above link the gondola to the balloon. In the centre are ballast containers. *On left*—A self-portrait of the aeronaut taken miles above the earth. He utilised the lights flashing on his instruments to help him to obtain this unique picture of himself.



THE MAJESTY OF THE HEAVENS : The gondola's image shimmers on the right above clouds at an altitude of about 50,000 ft. The general effect is one of majestic isolation and of an infinity which makes human and earthly pretensions seem very small. The black storm-clouds in the centre caused Major Simons some trouble during his descent ; he had intended to return after remaining in the stratosphere for twenty-four hours, but 70-knot winds delayed his descent for an extra eight hours.

The World of Books

SUMMER IN ROME

H. V. Morton's Informative and Intelligent Appreciation; Flying Medical Services in Australia; Novels of Child and Adult Behaviour; Four Historical Romances

MR. H. V. MORTON not only travels far, wide and constantly but writes about his visits to near and far-off places in the most agreeable manner, imparting a great deal of information and taking an intelligent interest on the reader's behalf in past and present histories. A TRAVELLER IN ROME (Methuen. 25s.), his new book, is typical of his urbane and companionable style and also typical of the painless way in which this writer manages to tell one an immense amount without adopting the airs of a lecturer.

The framework of the book is an account of a recent summer spent in Rome. Within that Mr. Morton discourses on innumerable aspects of Roman life, past and present, from the days of Hadrian to the days of the Vespa. To be amusingly anecdotal about one's own stay in a city is not beyond the ability of any practised writer: to have as light a touch with stories of ten centuries ago is something a little more rare. It is, however, one of Mr. Morton's gifts and whether he is writing about the steam organ of a tenth-century Pope or giving us the registration number of the present Pope's car, his touch is the same.

FLYNN'S FLYING DOCTORS (Heinemann. 25s.) is the story of a wonderful and possibly unique service which began in North-Western Queensland in 1928 and which now covers by far the greatest part of remote Australia. John Flynn was a Presbyterian clergyman who superintended the Inland Mission of his church. He was also an air-minded man, even back in the early '20's, and it was his idea that aircraft should be used in the "outback" to take sick people to doctors or doctors to the sick. Having proposed this scheme it was not in his nature to leave it in the field of theory. With able and energetic friends, he began to develop the service as a practical reality till it became the widespread and quite astonishing network that it is to-day. Travelling about the country from his native Melbourne, Mr. Harry Hudson assembled the material for a book to celebrate nearly thirty years of the splendid work. He has illustrated the volume with scores of his own lively and explanatory sketches.

CONDUCTOR AND SOLOIST AT THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL: Sir John Barbirolli rehearses the 'cellist Janos Starker for the performance of Elgar's 'Cello Concerto, with the Hallé Orchestra. This was in the Elgar Centenary programme with which the Festival was opened. The Closing Concert (on Sunday, September 7) will be given by the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam in the Usher Hall.

THE MICKY-HUNTERS (Heinemann. 13s. 6d.) is a first novel by Mr. Alexander Baird: unusual, imaginative, poetic and yet admirably free from whimsy. The scene is a city like Liverpool and the principal characters, indeed the characters at the heart of the story, are three young boys from a special school who are out chasing pigeons, or mickies in their vernacular, when they see a crime being committed. Their horror affects them in different ways. One, a half-caste, runs away from home alone and, in his terror, drowns himself. The two others set off into the vast industrial city, wandering and bewildered, while a police inspector, a thoughtful but equally puzzled man, tries to find some clue to their behaviour and to the situation that has caused it. Mr. Baird has a muted, almost tranquil style for his tale of violence and fear, and the result is a novel of strange impact, perceptive and compassionate.

In the novels of Mr. Humfrey Jordan things are exactly as they seem. As with some painters, it could be said of him that his method is representational. He has been called the novelist of the Merchant Navy and appropriately his work is sound, accurate and sometimes exciting. FOUND AT SEA (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is the story of four people trying to settle their several problems on a round-the-world voyage, but it is also, and even more essentially, the story of a new 6,000-ton motor vessel under the command of a good sailor who has his own problems. In its straightforward but by no means obvious way I found this book absorbing and, as always, the technical detail was fascinating.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF (Hutchinson. 15s.) is by Miss Richmal Crompton, but it is *not* about her well-known schoolboy creation, William. On the contrary, her cast of adults are neither exceptionally for nor against children. They manage to conduct their affairs in the village setting that Miss Crompton has given them in a mature if not always a very intelligent way, with the single exception of a schoolmistress with a disastrous inability to control her charges. Pleasant, human and often amusing reading.

THE PAPER DOLLS (Peter Davies. 13s. 6d.) is a study of a girl on whom imagination has, paradoxically, a stunting effect. As a child, her parents are divorced and she lives with her mother who, in a material sense, looks after her but is too languid to provide her with any kind of stimulus or companionship. To people her loneliness, the girl cuts out her paper figures and gives them rich, adventurous lives of their own as she herself retreats more and more into her private world of fantasy. Miss Laura Beheler is a sensitive and almost desperately sincere writer. There is something haunting about this portrait of a young being who utterly rejects the reality of the world in which she must live.

Mr. Robert Coates is a *New Yorker* writer, from which it can be taken that his style has wit, point and a patina of smoothness and glitter. He is also an art critic and can produce something better than a neat murder mystery so that a collection of his short stories is not likely to be lacking in variety of subject. ACCIDENT AT THE INN (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) contains sixteen of them, as varied in theme as in treatment since Mr. Coates can move from the sharply satiric to the bland, and from the kindly mood to the barbed. Recommended with the same enthusi as one would recommend a restaurant where the *d'œuvres* are the best part of the meal.

THE FIELD OF VISION (Weidenfeld and Nicol 15s.) is again from the United States and is a winne the American National Book Award. Mr. Wright Mo has written about a group of people from Nebraska native state) who go to see a bullfight in Mexico City find themselves, in that exotic and emotional sett reviewing their own home lives. Seeing the bull ring kind of mirror in which are not only reflected but conc trated the fragments of their lives and careers, Mr. Mo shows them all in a close-up that would be pitiless but his own never-failing sense of humour.

SEVEN DAYS TO NEVER (Constable. 15s.), by Pat Frank, gives us a very different aspect of Ameri life, as it is or as it might be. Here there is action ra than introspection and the threats that the future h hold are not implicit in a man's nature but the sligh melodramatic expression of a Russian plot, discovered the unsleeping eyes of Washington. In spite of its would grimness, this somehow slips into the category of Li Reading.

America has produced three historical roman for summer reading. First, Mr. Bruce Lancast ROLL, SHENANDOAH (Alvin Redman. 15s.), tale of the closing months of the American C War when the fighting had reached its fiercest pi in the valleys of Virginia. Mr. Lancaster writes w the *panache* that one has come to expect, but on basis of sound research.

TO WHOM BE GLORY (Jarrolds. 18s.) is a long a rather florid tale about the role of the Confederate Na in that Civil War again. Mr. F. van Wyck Mason something of a specialist in this field and he is anot writer on whose historical accuracy one may rely. H plot involves the editor of a Charleston paper who fig to ensure that the blockade runners on whom the So was so greatly dependent should bring in the essent supplies and not, as he has discovered, such frivolities scent, satin slippers and lace, for all of which they co get disproportionate prices. Genuinely interesting in less overwhelming moments.

EAGLE ON THE SUN (Hodder and Stoughton. 15 is by Miss Julia Davis and is about another scene of actio this time the expedition of 1846 which led to the Mexic war. The family most concerned with this story co from the same Shenandoah Valley of Mr. Bruce La caster's novel, but the period as well as the nation problem is different and the author is primarily concern with the personages of her plot, a family who have appear in two of her earlier books.

Mr. Geoffrey Trease who, like Miss Richmal Crompto has a reputation for writing excellent books for and abo children, has now produced a work of another kind, in admirable historical novel, SNARED NIGHTINGAL (Macmillan. 15s.). This is not based on any exa occurrence but is a story of the Renaissance a of a young man who is educated in Italy and retur to his native Wales to find himself unexpectedly t heir to an earldom. Mr. Trease has the natur simplicity of a good stylist and it is not insignifica that he has chosen a Boccaccio quotation to introdu his story.

Vernon Fane.

Irene Vongehr Vincent and her husband John B. Vincent, with their three young daughters, made a twelve-month tour by car of India. Mrs. Vincent has set down the record of it in INDIA—THE MANY STOREYED HOUSE (Faber. 21s.). The book is illustrated with photographs, some in colour, taken by the author and her husband. There is much useful information about such matters as hotels, rest-houses and routes, which will be of value to any traveller intending to emulate the Vincents' trip. But the general reader may find too much attention paid to family trivialities—what the children said or did, and their parents' reactions. This is a pity, because Mrs. Vincent does convey not only an impression of the variety, or many storeys, of the traditional India, but also something of the change which has come about in the new Nehru's India, this year celebrating the tenth anniversary of its foundation.

We are also marking in 1957 the centenary of the Indian Mutiny. This is the subject of the first chapter in A FLOOD OF MUTINY (Hutchinson. 15s.), by Valentine Dyall. In readable essays he tells altogether of eight famous, or notorious, mutinies. Although he makes no original contributions to historical research, a brief bibliography would be helpful for those who wish to learn further about these black incidents. Mr. Dyall seems more at home on the sea than on the land—on "Spithead and the Nore" and "The Battleship Potemkin" he is at his best. The latter is the only non-British mutiny described. A good chapter on the *Bounty* Mutiny (written by Valentine Dyall and Norman Kemp) supplies a much-needed antidote to the William Bligh—Charles Laughton legend.

In past centuries it was often only a short step from mutiny to piracy. Many members of the crew of a pirate ship would be individual, if not collective

INDIA—TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Contrasts Between 1957 and 1857

deserters, from navies or merchantmen. This is one the points made by A. B. C. Whipple in PIRATE RASCALS OF THE SPANISH MAIN (Gollancz. 18s. It is a splendid volume which combines careful schola ship with a light and entertaining style. From its pag spring to life those epic characters of the Caribbe Sea. Captain Kidd, it turns out, was not really a pira but the victim of a political plot. But "Blackbeard Edward Teach, Captain Flood and Charles Vane we the most villainous desperadoes. Then there was t officer and gentleman, Stede Bonnet (nobody has ev been able to discover why this prosperous plantat owner turned to piracy), and that most remarkable a little-known character, Woodes Rogers, of Bristol, wh cleaned up New Providence and transformed its pira population into law-abiding citizens. Governor Roge alone is worth a full-length biography and one hop that some time Mr. Whipple will undertake it. Al there is a chapter on the powers of a pirate captain ov his crew—their ships were run on an almost Soviet democratic system—and an appendix on how to g hunting to-day for buried pirate treasure along th American Atlantic seaboard.

Without question Charlotte Haldane is a mos careful scholar. She has carried out the most exhaustiv research into the lives of Liszt and Marie d'Agoult reach the truth about their long association as lover THE GALLEY SLAVES OF LOVE (Harvill. 21s.

"CHRIST AND THE APOSTLES"

Mr. F. M. Godfrey's *Christ and the Apostles* is an excellently-produced volume. There are 100 plates, some of which are reproduced in colour, and they range from Mosaics of the Sixth and Seventh Centuries to the paintings of Tiepolo, who died in 1770. They are prefaced by a long introduction consisting of full notes on each illustration.

The book is sub-titled "The Changing Forms of Religious Imagery." But since the author has confined his selection to the ages when Christianity was universally accepted in the West, one may well ask whether there are any really changing forms. What does emerge is a most interesting survey of the choice of subjects by the artists in relation to Christ and the Apostles and the differences in the styles not only in the times, but in the geographical environments of the painters.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION," BY GIOVANNI BELLINI: This is one of the hundred illustrations in *Christ and the Apostles*, by F. M. Godfrey. The book is published by The Studio Publications, at the price of 45s.

Mr. Godfrey deals exhaustively with the first point, for he divides his illustrations into subject sections. According to his arrangement, the most popular choice through twelve centuries was the "Last Supper."

He might, however, have pointed out the extent to which the painters were inevitably influenced by their own landscape surroundings in their conceptions of the Holy Land. Thus, to take two examples of "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes," Raphael's scene is Mediterranean, whereas Rubens' background proclaims the flatness of the Zuyder Zee.

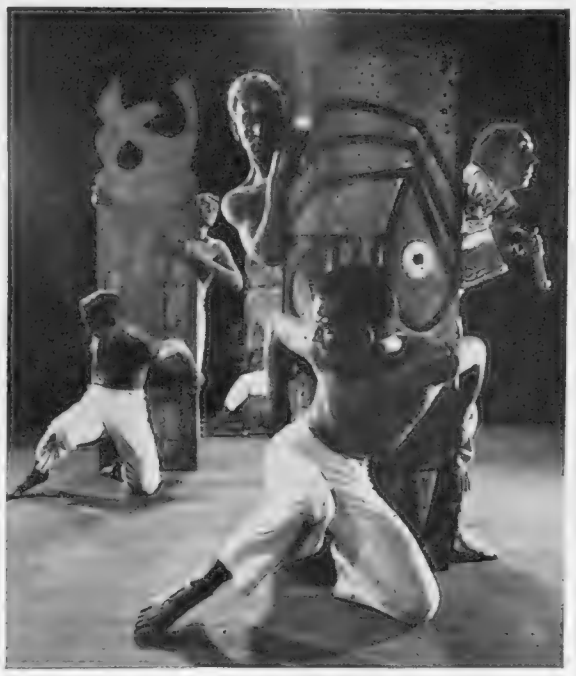
shows us that Liszt, apart from his genius as an instrumentalist and teacher of music, was a most unpleasant and petty-minded person and that Marie d'Agoult was a far finer character. In fact, the author has expanded the picture drawn by Ernest Newman in his *The Man Liszt*, filling in many details which have not hitherto been clear. It is unfortunate that she writes in a style which is too dramatic for serious history of this kind.

Before the war Dr. Helmut de Terra had established an international reputation for his archæological and anthropological researches in India and the Far East. From 1946 he began making regular visits to Central America. He writes in his foreword to MAN AND MAMMOTH IN MEXICO (Hutchinson. 25s.) that he intends his new book to be regarded as popular in style. He succeeds admirably, but not at the expense of scholarship. Anyone who is interested in the early civilisations and cultures of the New World will find Dr. Terra an expositor both learned and lucid.

It is clear that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., was inspired by motives of Piety, in the proper sense of the word, when he wrote THE VANDERBILT FEUD (Hutchinson. 21s.). The book is sub-titled "The Fabulous Story of Grace Wilson Vanderbilt," who was the author's mother. The opening chapters, where we learn about the quarrel between the Vanderbilts and the Wilsons, which arose in America at the end of the last century when the author's father married Grace Wilson, are not without interest. But all too soon we are faced with a figure of a woman who was ostentatious to the point of vulgarity and whose standard of values seemed to be based on how many Kings, Queens and Princes she could entertain. Even Winston Churchill features in the Grace Vanderbilt record as merely a dinner guest—but, at any rate, he was the only one in the particular list who was not Royalty or of Presidential family.

AMERICAN DANCERS' EUROPEAN PREMIERE IN LONDON

MODERN DANCES FROM AMERICA: José Limon (extreme right) and members of his American Dance Company are seen in *Ritmo Jondo* (Deep Rhythm). The company from the United States opens a fortnight's season at Sadler's Wells on Monday next (September 2), and then will visit several other countries on its first tour of Europe.



IN "EMPEROR JONES": In the dance based on the play by Eugene O'Neill, José Limon (holding revolver) has the title-role. *On right*—Another scene from the dance set to the music of Heiter Villa-Lobos.

Next Monday night (September 2) Sadler's Wells is staging the European premiere of José Limon and his American Dance Company. The dancers, who are already well known in North and South America, will spend a fortnight in London and then proceed to Paris, West Berlin, the Netherlands and Yugoslavia before going to the Near East. The tour is being sponsored by the American Government.

Limon's dances are in essence ballets, but the company prefers to call them Modern Dances. They derive from Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, although the choreographers avoid the esoteric and always endeavour to make movement and symbolism easily comprehensible. Limon himself is a native of Mexico and this accounts for a number of Spanish Mexican themes. His wife, Pauline Lawrence, is the business manager and costume designer; Doris Humphrey, his first teacher, the artistic director and chief choreographer, and Simon Sadoff, the musical director and conductor. The company has twenty-one dancers.

The four different programmes being presented on the tour consist altogether of sixteen dances. For the most part the music is by modern composers and themes have been inspired by the Bible, classical and modern dramatists and poets, and legends of Mexico. Thus Norman Dello Joio's *There is a Time* (commissioned for the Festival of American Music last year) is based on a text from Ecclesiastes, and Gunther Schuller's *The Traitor* has Judas Iscariot as the symbolic central figure. Milton's *Paradise Lost* inspired *The Exiles*, danced to Arnold Schoenberg's Chamber Symphony No. 2, and Norman Lloyd has taken Garcia Lorca's lament for the death of a bullfighter as the basis of his *Lament for Ignacio Sanchez Mejias*.

A distinguished British contribution is Benjamin Britten's *Ruins and Visions*, which takes its title from Stephen Spender's volume of poems and a fine example of a Mexican or Spanish theme is *Ritmo Jondo* (Deep Rhythm), by the South American composer, Carlos Surinach. Another South American, Heiter Villa-Lobos, is responsible for transforming Eugene O'Neill's famous play *Emperor Jones* into dance form.

However, not all the music is modern. For instance, José Limon has adapted the plot of Shakespeare's *Othello* for *The Moor's Pavane*, for which Simon Sadoff has arranged music by Henry Purcell, and another magnificent classical item is Vivaldi's *Concerto Grosso in D Minor*, the choreographic invention being again by José Limon. The repertoire indicates the interesting evolution which has occurred in the attitude to the dance of José Limon and his associates. Their first ballet, in 1937, was *Variations and Conclusions from "New Dance."* This will be seen five times in the coming season at Sadler's Wells and shows concentration on the middle body as the main movement. Later ballets, however, are more complex and make use of the full body.

Besides all these ballets, which have given the company its high reputation on the other side of the Atlantic, audiences at Sadler's Wells during the next two weeks will see at least one new dance.

BALL-BEARINGS AND AUTOMATION IN BRITAIN

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT is a far cry from blockade running to automation; but one of the most impressive examples of highly automatic engineering plant installed in Britain since the war partly originated in some desperate adventures with fast motor-gunboats in the narrow seas at the entrance to the Baltic, during the hostilities. One of the main reasons for installing this plant was to ensure that Britain should never again be dependent upon foreign suppliers for a product that is vital to many kinds of engineering in war—and in peace.

Few ordinary people have ever heard of thick-walled bearing tube. But nearly all of them possess something that uses ball-bearings. Many ball- and roller-bearing "races"—the rings, attached to the moving surfaces between which these steel balls, or rollers spin, to reduce friction—are made of this tube. It is required in a wide range of sizes and in qualities of exacting specification. The automatic machines used to produce bearing rings and housings from it require tube of exceptional straightness and very high precision. At the beginning of the last war, Britain made practically none of this, importing its requirements mainly from Sweden.

If anything needs more ball-bearings than an industialised country at peace it is the same country at war. Tanks, aircraft, predictor mechanisms, almost anything with moving parts, all need them. Ball-bearings, along with lubricating oil, were considered the "panacea targets" for aerial attack, which experts thought might cripple a combatant country. Some of the most bitter air battles of the war were fought during attacks on Germany's ball-bearing centre, Schweinfurt. In 1940, as the Germans overran Europe and tightened Britain's Atlantic lifeline of supplies with submarine warfare, the danger arose that they might almost involuntarily have found a means to halt production of British war equipment, and particularly of aircraft—simply because the British manufacturers could not lay their hands on this thick alloy steel tubing.

For a time reliance was placed upon American suppliers—while the Navy ran small cargoes to Britain from Sweden through the Skagerrak. But it soon became clear that bearing tube had to be made at home. During 1941 the bearings industry and the country's tube makers succeeded in making it satisfactorily on plant not originally designed for the purpose. Over several years, this manufacture was developed and by the early post-war years, some 90 per cent. of the bearing tube used in Britain was made here. It was difficult, however, to make this tube to the standards of precision that the improving standards of ball-bearing production required.

After the war, the ball-bearing makers and Tube Investments Ltd. made a joint study of the future market for bearings. Most of them did not think the demand would grow fast enough to justify a specialised mill to make alloy steel bearing tube. They did not count upon rearmament beginning so soon. Moreover, like so many other people, they underestimated the growth of the British motor industry. In 1950, they thought again. The prospects of selling the increased output looked better, particularly if the precision and the range of sizes offered for ball- and roller-bearings could be improved. The Government was ready to co-operate by making available the dollars required to buy a new tube mill in America. Tube Investments decided to go ahead. It was fortunate for the country that they did.

Perhaps the most obvious way to make a metal tube is to bend strip metal of the right thickness round a core and weld it along where the edges join. Tube and piping are sometimes made by such systems; but methods of making seamless tube, by piercing a heated metal billet with a "mandrel," and then elongating this, are much more complex. In the older type of "Pilger" mill the tube is squeezed along between indented metal rollers set like a mangle; it proceeds in a series of jerks, forward and then part of the way back. This process is said to have given the mill its odd name—after the respectful gait with which pilgrims approach a shrine.

The newer type of mill, developed in the '30's by one of the great American ball-bearing companies, squeezes the heated metal along the mandrel that has pierced it, by means of rollers working almost parallel with the billet fed into them, rounding and straightening the tube in later operations. The important difference between the two is that this "Assel" mill has a much more rapid rate of output than the "Pilger" mills, and is more readily suited to automatic operation. It has, in fact, been designed for a very considerable degree of automatic control—though this is automation in a somewhat unconventional sense.

"Automation," a word which has become popular over the last few years, is generally taken to mean production in which instruments rather than men control the work, turning out a steady stream of standardised products, with hardly an operator to be seen. At the "Assel" mill that Tube Investments have installed at Desford, near Leicester, instruments do indeed control the furnaces that heat the billets for piercing and reheat the roughly-shaped tubes for finishing operations. Conveyors and mills are operated automatically and linked to one another by electrical control systems; and very few operators are required on a mill of very high output. But the products are anything but standardised. The customers do not want them to be.

Ball-bearing assemblies can vary in weight from about a tenth of an ounce to about 4 tons: and even in the medium ranges that the "Assel" mill serves with tube the accent of demand is on variety—for which, incidentally, the older "Pilger" mill did not offer a wide enough selection of tube sizes. So Tube Investments' "Assel" mill represents automation designed to increase the variety of designs of a product, not to reduce it. This mill lends itself to continuous adjustment (with only two sets of work rolls it can make a wide range of sizes). The policy of the company has been to offer customers tube made to fit their bearings without further machining, within extremely fine limits.

This greatly improves service, offering much more value for money. But it makes operation of this £2,000,000 mill the very reverse of continuous. "Down time" for adjustment to roll different sizes of tube forms a much larger part of its working life than it does for operations on the company's old "Pilger" mills (and, incidentally, the greater intricacy of the new mill makes it more subject to breakdown). But, even allowing for this, it produces tube far faster, with fewer direct operators; and it has greatly improved the productivity of bearing tube manufacture.

The question is often asked. "Why does a company go in for automation?" This one put in a new mill because it foresaw a growing market. It made the mill automatic because this expensive piece of equipment, which could not be run continuously, needed to work flat out when it was running, and because manual operations on the lines that fed it could simply not have kept up. Moreover, labour in the area was getting scarcer—and increasingly unwilling to take on jobs such as dragging to the mill a 300-lb. billet at 1,000 deg. C. !

The mill at Desford rather graphically demonstrates that automation does not need to be confined to turning out standard units like motor-cars or standard materials such as petroleum products. It is also an example of the highly complex engineering required in the "background" of more publicised industries, for example, motors (roughly a third of ball-bearing output goes into motor components). And, in its small way, it strengthens the arguments that advocates of automation set against fears of "technological unemployment." Desford actually uses rather more labour, if one includes maintenance men and supervisors as well as operators—but it uses it for a vastly higher output.

EXPERIMENTS ON LONDON'S PICCADILLY LINE

A PROTOTYPE OF FUTURE LONDON TUBE TRAINS: Sir John Elliot, Chairman of the London Transport Executive, talks to the driver of a new aluminium-bodied tube train at Northfields, Middlesex, which has stopped during a test. The train is silver in colour because of its natural aluminium bodywork. The new carriages are lighter and more comfortable and have a greater seating capacity than those in current use. They have rubber suspension instead of steel springs so they should run more quietly and smoothly.

Although the District Line has been using silver-coloured aluminium trains for about a year, these new-style carriages have not yet been introduced to the Tube. However, tests with prototypes are taking place on the Piccadilly line and there should be passenger trials early next month. If, as is expected, the trials are successful, the Piccadilly Line will be completely restocked with these silvery trains by 1961.

The new trains are lighter by about 1 ton per carriage and the aluminium does not need painting. Thus maintenance costs are reduced and seating capacity is expanded. The use of electrical current is also cut down. In addition to these advantages the new trains should be both quieter and smoother in running because the conventional steel springs are replaced by rubber suspension. The interior of these trains is also decorated differently from the old.

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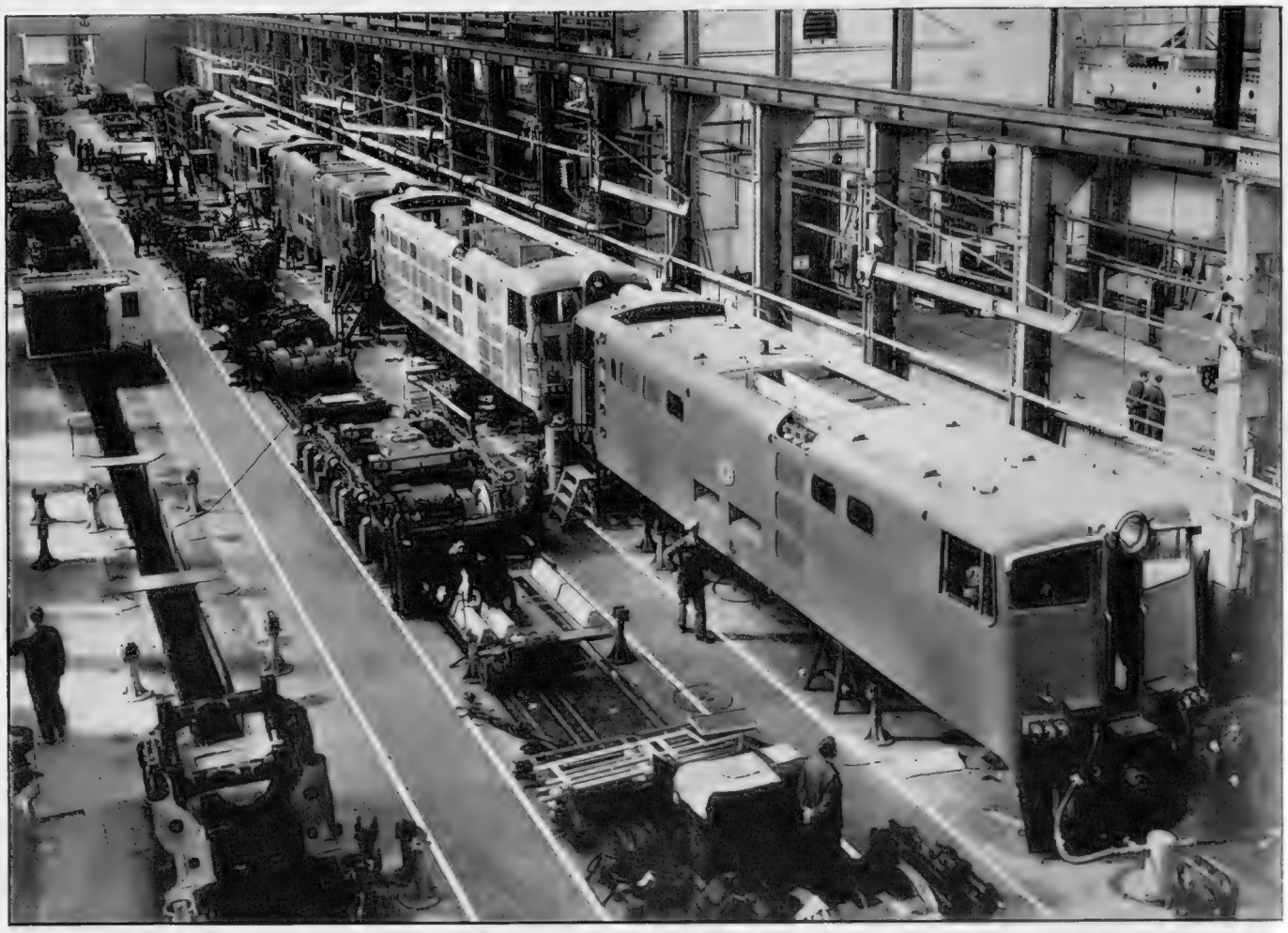
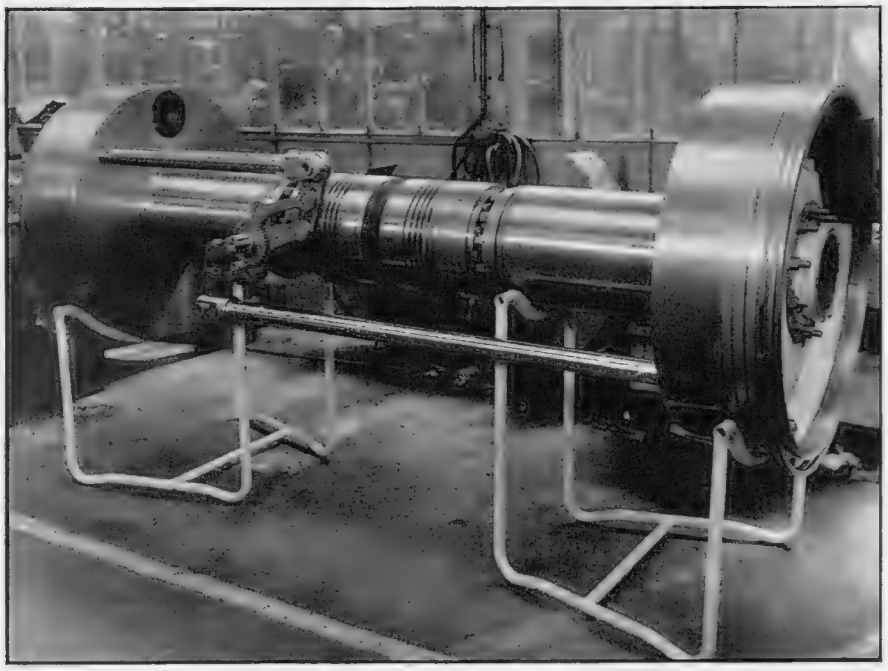
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

On right—

ENGINES FOR SOUTH AFRICA

This picture, taken in the Rolling Stock assembly shop of the English Electric Company Ltd., at the Vulcan Foundry, Newton-le-Willows, in Lancashire, shows the advanced state of construction of some of the Class 5E electric locomotives which have been ordered by the South African Railways. It has recently been announced that the latter have placed yet a further order, their third, with English Electric for another fifty-five Class 5E locomotives. This brings the total number for this type of engine to be ordered by the Union from the British company to 160. It is the largest quantity of electric locomotives of one type to be supplied to the South African Railways by any one manufacturer. The total value involved is over £8,750,000 and an idea of the physical size of the entire order is given by the fact that if the 160 locomotives were placed in a continuous line they would stretch for a distance of over 1½ miles. The first order—for sixty locomotives—was placed with the English Electric Company Limited in 1952. The majority of these are now in service and altogether they have run over a distance of well over 1,250,000 miles. As a result of their success, a second order for forty-five locomotives was given in 1956. Now comes a third order for another fifty-five.





AN ALL-BRITISH FREE PISTON GASIFYER

The first all-British built version of a new engine which, it is believed, will revolutionise marine and industrial power plant, has completed its first running tests at a factory at Ashton-under-Lyne, in Lancashire. Known as the Free Piston Gasifyer, it is a diesel-cum-gas turbine and is the most efficient means of converting the whole range of liquid fuels into power. It is claimed that the new engine can be operated anywhere in the world on the cheapest form of local oil fuel available and will make a major contribution towards the progress of under-developed areas. Made by the National Gas and Oil Engine Company Limited, of Ashton-under-Lyne, the engine took nine months to complete from the date a manufacturing licence was obtained. It is simple to install and operate and can be stripped for inspection and reassembled in the space of two hours. The Free Piston Gasifyer is regarded as one of the most promising engine developments now coming into production and operation.

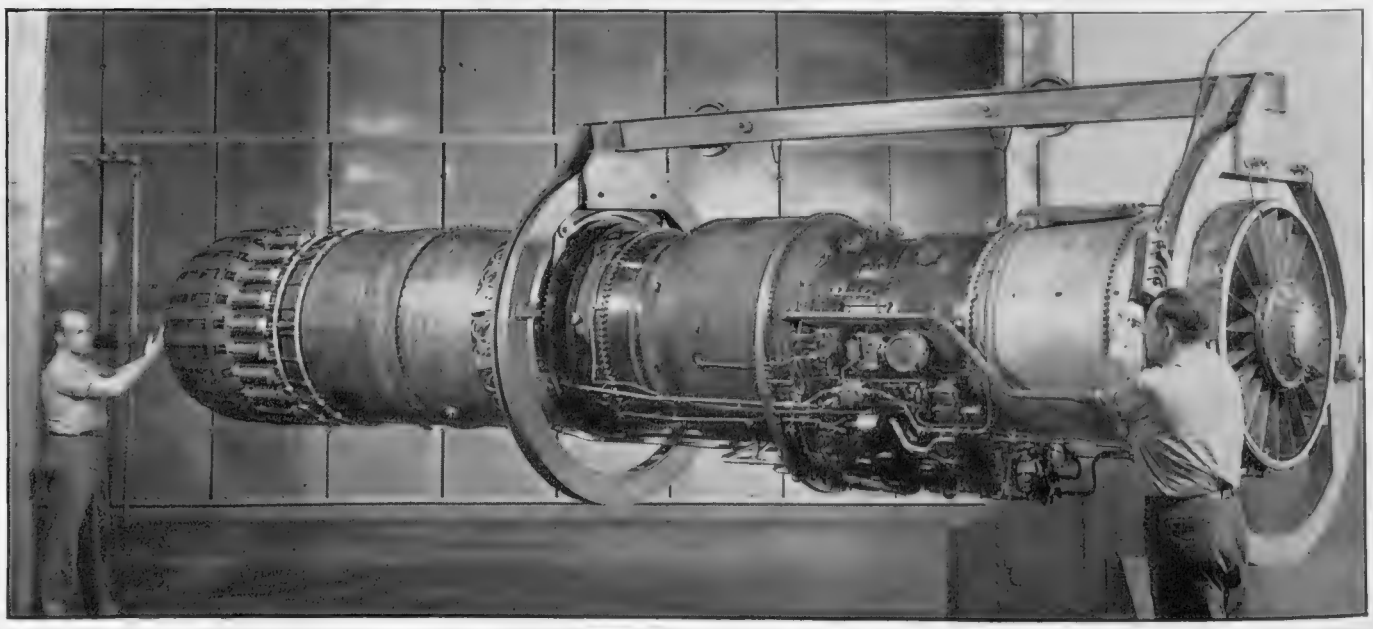
A POWERFUL MARINE DIESEL ENGINE

Accompanied by a police motor-cycle escort, this large marine diesel engine is seen on a special type of articulated low-loading trailer as it nears the end of its five-day journey from Stockport to London. The engine, manufactured by Mirrlees, Bickerton and Day Limited, was transported to London to be shown at the Engineering, Marine Welding and Nuclear Energy Exhibition being currently held at Olympia. The engine's weight is equivalent to that of ten double-decker buses and it is capable of providing sufficient power to light and heat a community of 6,000 people.

On right—

TESTING TURBOJETS

Two workmen are checking a Pratt and Whitney type J-75 turbojet before it is transported for installation in an aircraft after completing its final tests at the plant of the United Aircraft Corporation's engine division at East Hartford, in Connecticut. This engine, with afterburner, is designed for speeds of up to Mach 2 (approximately twice the speed of sound) and develops well over 15,000 lb. of dry static thrust.



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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

THE WATERS OF BUXTON, MALVERN, and lesser-known, even forgotten spas, still flow, though it is questionable whether "taking the waters" is so prevalent as it was a century back; certainly not as fashionable.

In those days a Dr. A. B. Granville, M.D., F.R.S., made an exhaustive study of all the known spas of England, sampled the waters, expressed his opinion as a medical man on their respective virtues, and was bold enough to express his views on the hotel and lodging-house accommodation available.

His findings were published in three volumes and, armed with his book devoted to Midland Spas, we set out recently in his footsteps. The first inland spa we came to was Buxton, which in appearance has changed outwardly but little since his day. The Crescent is still the dominating feature of this "Mountain Spa" set at 1,000 ft. up, but The Great Hotel, later The Crescent Hotel which occupied the eastern half of The Crescent, is no more. The St. Anne's Hotel still occupies the western half and is under the same direction as its adjoining neighbour, The Old Hall, which now is, as it was in conjunction with the defunct Great Hotel, the class hotel of The Spa. Actually The Old Hall is the oldest hotel to-day, with historical antecedents which include several enforced visits of Mary, Queen of Scots who, in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, was brought to The Old Hall (then his private house). In Dr. Granville's day the nobility and gentry patronised The Old Hall accompanied by their maids, coachmen and carriages. To-day those who still appreciate quality and quietude frequent its friendly portals, for Mrs. L. M. Phillip, as resident owner, has wisely fostered past tradition, yet inculcated modern conceptions of comfort.

The bedroom we occupied, No. 14, was a model of quality; the Sheraton-type furniture was solid and good, our beds extremely comfortable, an electric-fire was a surety against cold, but just in case we inhabitants of the plains felt a nip in the mountain air, our night-clothes were wrapped in hot-water bottles, an old-fashioned thought which will always stand the test of time. In these days of staff difficulties, it was good to find thoughtfulness both upstairs and down. Most of the staff have been with Mrs. Phillip since she acquired the hotel some fifteen years ago, always a sign of good management. We found the catering good, and the wine moderately priced and correctly served. (Our Beaujolais decanted, and assumed the importance of a Mouton Rothschild, and those water-drinkers "on the cure" cast envious eyes in our direction.)

No hotel could be better situated for health, leisure or pleasure than this Old Hall. It is the only hotel with direct access to St. Anne's baths. It overlooks the Buxton Gardens and by covered way one is within easy stroll of shops. For an autumn holiday-angle Buxton is an inviting prospect. As October wanes the tints in the dales will be like fairyland. To drive over the moors to Macclesfield, Leek and Ashbourne provides panoramic views that at times beggar description, and if one is unfortunate enough to experience a rainy spell, such is the absorbing properties of the limestone strata that the ground quickly dries and the air is free from prolonged dampness.

Buxton and Great Malvern have little in common except that they can be commended for their pure and invigorating air. Rising abruptly from the plains the Malvern Hills provide an exaggerated sense of height, but none the less impressive, and we agree with Dr. Granville in his saying "Great Malvern and Malvern Wells are residences much to be commended for the pure and invigorating air that more generally prevails, as well as for the pure and invigorating water that is to be found at both places." In revisiting the Malverns we had more in mind its suitability as a centre for an autumn holiday. Mrs. Gertrude Mitchell, the "live wire" behind that nationally-known fashion house, Warwick House, and also managing director of the delightful Mount Pleasant Hotel, Great Malvern, told me how, from one vantage point on the hills, we could see on a normally clear day three cathedrals, Worcester, Hereford and Gloucester, as well as Tewkesbury Abbey. What possibilities these places conjure up for an autumn holiday with a car to go places. The Wye and Teme Valleys, Ledbury, Leominster and Ludlow, to name three Herefordshire towns beside Hereford, and at no distance worth worrying about is Broadway, Winchcombe and Cheltenham. If you want a little enticement as to the possibilities of the area ask Mr. Phillip Green, at that historic and lovely country-house hotel Little Malvern Court, to show you the book of local pictures he has collected. You will be glad to relax or to rush around the countryside.

Maybe you will be so attracted to the district when you come to investigate its touring, shopping, scholastic and residential possibilities to settle down in Great Malvern for the winter, and if so, we feel happy in recommending, according to your taste and purse, two hotels. First, the fully-licensed (with Cocktail Bar) Mount Pleasant Hotel referred to above. It is right in the centre of things, yet has in its pleasing grounds ample breathing space. Here Mrs. Mitchell tells us that during the winter months, when their normal overseas season is ended, they can take eight winter residential guests. The price? About 9 guineas a week, all inclusive.

Then for an unlicensed hotel (though your wines can be ordered in without corkage prices) make a note of The Montrose Hotel, where Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Street keep open the year round, not so much for permanent residents as for the likes of us, who may during any month want a few days' pure air breathing, coupled with the good food and comfort for which they are well known. The Montrose is situated in a quiet road away from, yet within easy walking distance of, shops, has extensive lawns, kitchen and flower gardens, and its own battery of lock-up garages. There was much we had to omit from Dr. Granville's perambulations as, for example, Cheltenham, Leamington and Woodhall Spas, but these we shall hope to rediscover at some future date.

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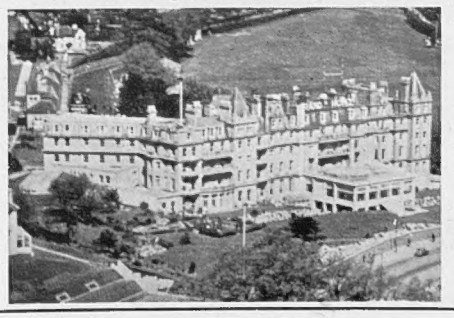

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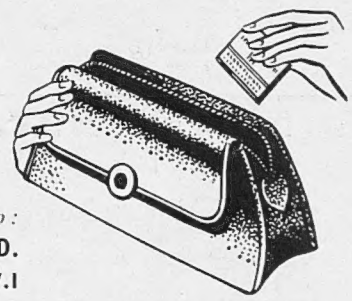

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THE START OF A FORCED LANDING: A model of Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Limited's latest turboprop airliner, the 63-ton Vanguard, is about to make a forced landing in the Saunders-Roe Free Landing Tank at Osborne, East Cowes, on the Isle of Wight. Since pilots obviously cannot practise forced landings on the sea, much knowledge is gained in watching scale models of their aircraft undergoing "ditching" tests.

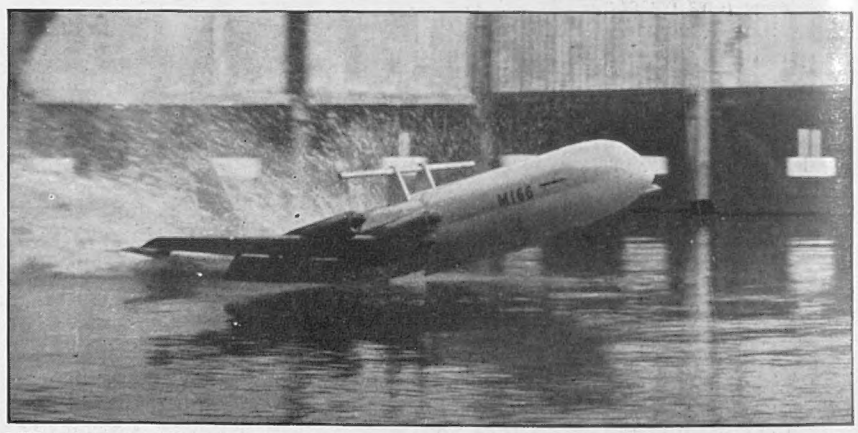
"DITCHING" INSTRUCTION FOR AIR PILOTS

The dependability of modern airliners is such that the possibility of a forced landing has almost been eliminated. The case of the Stratocruiser *Sovereign of the Skies* (which had to make such a landing in mid-Pacific last October) emphasises the necessity for land planes being capable of withstanding the stresses of "ditching." Pilots practise landing drills before flying on scheduled services, but they can never practise "ditching" aircraft. Because of this it is essential that they know the "ditching" characteristics of their machines. Such information is obtained by observing scale models undergoing "ditching" tests.

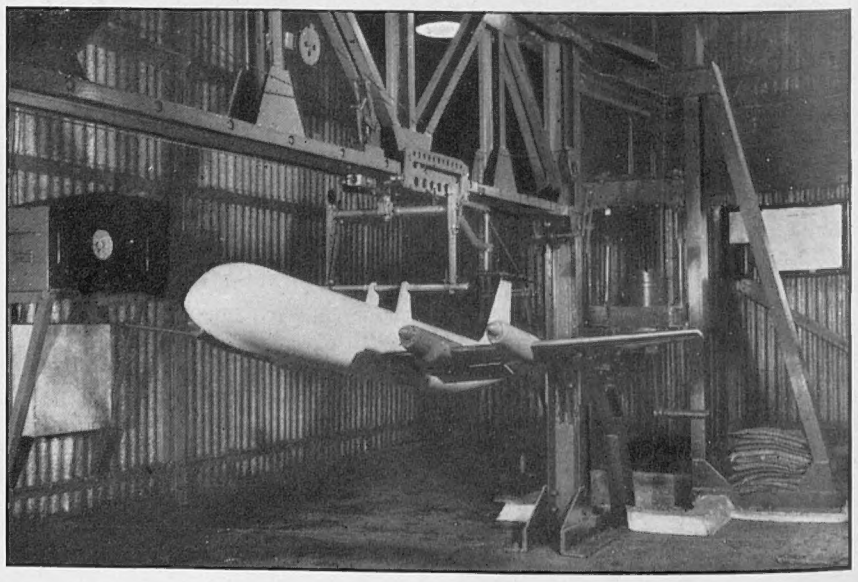
Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd., have always insisted that the "ditching" characteristics of their aircraft are fully known before being put into service. Models of their latest turboprop airliner, the 63-ton Vanguard, have been undergoing tests in the Saunders-Roe Free Landing Tank to determine what would happen if a Vanguard came down in the sea. From the model tests carried out it is now possible to formulate a recommended procedure for pilots to follow should "ditching" become necessary. This procedure should result in the smoothest and safest possible landing on an alien and watery runway.

For these tests, a detailed model of the Vanguard was constructed. It was made as light as possible and ballasted with lead, so that three other requirements, as well as that of scale size, were met. The total weight had to be representative of the full-scale value; the model centre of gravity had to be in the correct position; and the pitching moment of inertia of the model had to be adjusted so that its motions as it hit the water were completely representative of the full-scale aircraft.

The model was placed on the launching carriage and the operating weights were adjusted so that it could be fired off at the required altitudes, speeds and rate of descent to allow a free glide on to the water. The loads encountered during the ditching were recorded by accelerometers fitted inside the model. In addition, high-speed cine records of all the tests were taken so that technicians could determine the best method of landing and what conditions should be avoided.



THE FIRST IMPACT: The model has just skidded onto the water, sending up a heavy spray. Equipment fitted in the fuselage records the effects of a forced landing. High-speed cine films enable experts to determine the best method of landing. *Below*—The model is fixed to the launching apparatus housed in a shed at one end of the tank.



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